



Maclean's

OCTOBER 19, 1981

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SPECIAL REPORT

The Murder of Anwar Sadat

The road to martyrdom

The shadowy masterminds

The future for peace

The untried successor





Have you ever seen a grown man cry?

Maclean's



SPECIAL REPORT

Death of Sadat

Although the body of Egyptian President Anwar Sadat was laid to rest last week, the mystery surrounding his brutal murder lingered on. Who really was behind the assassination? What will the repercussions be for the fragile Middle East peace? How will Sadat's successor perform? The only common sentiment was a total disbelief of the official Egyptian version of events.

—Page 39

Two editors' thoughts on the



Leaders in colloquy

The Commonwealth knows the clearest bear in approaching wildlife.

—Page 41

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That old sinking feeling

They dissent with Joe Clark's leadership has risen, says a Maclean's-Global poll.

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Mighty mountain will

Appalachians struggle determinedly through the boreal forest of coal.

—Page 12



Four-part promouement

Singing lawyers Rums and the Supreme state their case in four-part harmony.

—Page 59



Blooming genius

Educators and parents are pushing for schools and programs for bright children.

—Page 53

Gems in sugar

As an avid reader of Canadian I disagree with Robertson Davies' scornful about Canadian literature being lumped together in bookstores (Fiction's Brightest Season, Cover, Oct. 5) by virtue of its nationality ("Your novel next to a book of 25 interesting things to do with maple sugar..."). I appreciate not having to delve through thousands of imported pulp literature to get to gems.

—JAN DROTH
Mississauga, Ont.

A phoenix, a star or a drip?

I have come to two conclusions after reading Allan Fotheringham's most recent columns (*Opting for the Burning Desk*, Sept. 28; *A Government Threat and Confused*, Oct. 5). Fotheringham is still the best political pundit in Canada, and while the Canadian public rarely gives the leadership it deserves, Canadian political parties rarely do not.

—COLIN DOYLE
Hydell, N.S.

Fotheringham's column, *Opting for the Burning Desk*, takes unfair advantage of Joe Clark. In Fotheringham, an aware that he is speaking about one of the brightest stars on the political scene today? It is a pity that he should spend so much time trying to downgrade one of the most honest and intelligent persons in Parliament.

—J. COLT
Brampton, Ont.



Sounds of imported pulp literature

In *Opting for the Burning Desk* the message is crystal clear. Joe Clark either gives up the ghost voluntarily to rise like a phoenix or he will undergo an involuntary incineration and become not much more than a drip.

—ALAN DICKINSON
Halifax

The devil and the deep blue

You seem to be confused about the difference between Hollywood fantasy and reality when you write about a *Chernobyl* nuclear meltdown killing 200,000 and injuring millions of people (*Defying Doubt*, World, Sept. 28). Also, John Gutfreid, whom you describe as a nuclear expert, is described in a book entitled *The Health Hazards of NUP*

Going Nuclear as a well-known former scientist whose science fiction has been refused by scientific committees. Were you unable to find any pro-nuclear experts? By opposing nuclear development, a massive increase in the use of coal is inevitable when and rain is already leading the life from Canadian lakes and forests.

—KEITH BURT MANNING
Victoria, B.C.

A shot of realism

Your story *The Slump of Unemployment* (Canada, Oct. 5) made me angry. Angry to think about the Canadian postal service and the way we are constantly being lied to keep it going. I am sure Michael Warren, president of the new corporation, is joking when he says, "I think we have to be realistic." Our postal service will never be realistic.

—DAVID BERNARD
Whitby

A smashing cause

In a People story (Oct. 5) your readers could have been led to believe that Transport Canada sacrificed a late model car in a simulated car-brain smash to help launch Operation Life-saver. In fact the car used was already beyond repair. An unresponsive face-lift was done for the demonstration, and the car will wind up at a technical school. The use of the car was a small price for a good cause.

—DAVID MCHUGH
Public Affairs, Transport Canada
Ottawa

PASSAGES



1981: Canadian historian, archaeologist and author Wilfred Jury.

90 in London. Oct. 5: Jury's contributions and reconstruction of the St. Mary Among the Harbours settlement near Montreal, Oct. 5, proved that the Indians' first European settlement had been much larger than historians had previously believed. Known among the Indians as worked with as Heap of Bones, Jury also discovered the torture site of the martyred 17th-century missionaries Jean de Brebeuf and Gabriel Lalemant.

RETIRED: Former National Hockey League great Bobby Hull, 65, for a second time, when the New York Rangers declined to acquire rights to him from the Hartford Whalers. Hull, who had played with the Whalers 1980-81, joined the Rangers in training camp last

month and played five exhibition games before the league interested, saying Hull could not continue to play unless a deal was signed between the two teams.

APPOINTED: Ian Deans, 44, to the position of acting House leader for the New Democratic Party. Deans, 40 for Hamilton Mountain, is filling in for veteran House leader Stanley Knowles, 73, who is recovering in an Ottawa hospital from an operation to remove a blood clot from his brain after a stroke.



DEED: Actress Gloria Grahame, 66, of cancer in New York city. The "saucy" girl of the 1940s and '50s, Grahame was an Oscar in 1952 for *The Best and the Beautiful*. Her other highly touted films include *Criminals*, *Obsession* and *The Great Show on Earth*. Most movie buffs remember her for *The Best and the Beautiful* in which she plays a woman who is her fan with

souling coffee. Her lines: "I guess I'll have to go through life sideways" — best epitomized her essentially vulnerable appeal.



AWARDED: The 1981 Nobel prize for medicine to David Hubel and Roger Sperry of the United States and Torsten Wiesel of Sweden, for their work on brain and eye research. Hubel, 55, who was born in Windsor, Ont., and taught at McGill in Montreal, is a neurologist on the faculty of the Harvard medical school. He was the prize for "discoveries on information processing in the visual system."

1981: Anwar Sadat, president of Egypt, after he was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize for his role in the Camp David accords. Sadat was dressed in Egyptian army uniforms. The country's media have emphasized their determination to carry on the slain president's policies. Story page 30.

Bacardi rum.

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Awakening the sleeping giant

Your article *There is the Galloping Beaver* (Canada, Sept. 28) offers the proposition that the Canadian government is incapable of defending its vital national interests in the face of the bluster of the U.S. government. Canada is impregnable against such threats and by expelling U.S. capital from the country Canada can provide itself with the occasion to make itself an economic giant.

—EDWARD GARDNER
Toronto

It is about time that Canadians woke up to what the Liberal government is doing to free enterprise in Canada. Let's not fool ourselves—what Pierre Trudeau calls Canadianism is really rationalization. The government has no business being in business.

—ARTHUR WOOD
Burlington, Ont.

Where, oh where, is Nelson Eddy?

It concerns me deeply that not a single voice seems to have been raised in the media in defence of hundreds of fine, principled and idealistic Manitobans whose long records of service have been commendable (Paul With Enthusiasm, *We Must Spend Our Minutes Wisely*, *Agnes, Editorial*, Sept. 7). For many years I served the sector as a civilian employee and returned with the highest respect for the officers with whom I was closely associated. On many occasions it was simply apparent that the criminal laws of this country were not flexible enough to permit sector per-



Trudeau in the face of the bluster

suaded to carry out the task that was expected of them. Frequently their efforts were hampered by lazier directors by senior officers.

—YVONNE H. STEVENSON
Victoria

A thousand words too many

It has always been a source of puzzlement to me how a simple thing like a photograph can give rise to such a succession of purple prose in reviewers, as we see in *Goodman Up Stairs* (Photography, Sept. 28). It is nothing more than a series of very ordinary pictures really worth such flowery language? I am reminded of that marvelous Morry Tyson sketch in which a despondent despondent renews himself to knights of Shakespearean ancestry, and the judge remarks, "It's only a bloody parking offense!" In this case, it's only a bloody snapshot.

—KEN FARRER
Glenora, Ont.

We heard from the herd

In your article *Winning the Beef From the Bull* (Business, Aug. 21) you incorrectly stated that the Senate committee on agriculture had tabled a report that recommended the imposition of a marketing board for the marketing of beef. In fact, the working paper was prepared by Mark Byrnes for the committee and does not necessarily represent its views. It is not a report of the committee and has not been tabled.

—DON HARRY W. SMITH
Chairman, Senate Committee on Agriculture, Ottawa

All we are saying is, give...

Your editorial *Lord Walcott's Flaming Spirit Deserves the Nobel Peace Prize* (Sept. 28) illustrates the perverse interpretation that can be made of a simple

word like "peace." To witness the concept of peace from its accepted meaning for political or ideological advantage, twists language in the same way Hitler and Stalin did. Walcott's efforts in Poland deserve high commendation. His bravery and dedication warrant some special tribute or recognition, but not a "peace prize." Bravery and justice may be as inalienable goals as peace, but the terms are not interchangeable. Just because asserted horrors are on our side of ideological conflicts shouldn't assure them a peace prize.

—F.C. SMITH
Quebec, Ontario

Waste not, price not

Canada's continued preoccupation with energy pricing—the assumption being that energy policy is mostly a matter of fixing a price—is really beyond repudiation. *The High Priests of Peace*, Cover, Sept. 28. The recent energy pricing agreement is deceptive because it fails to confront the problem of energy waste, which is the single largest factor in the flow of energy through the Canadian economy. Until energy policy is framed according to consumers' and users, any pricing agreement will be distorted in favour of the needs of producers and taxing authorities.

—GORDON FEARN
Edmonton

Bisexual and happy

Just because Barbara Allen reads a magazine which is in a trendy, high-fashion magazine, she concludes that the author is a feminist and that all feminists are selfish man-haters (*The Elusive Motherly of Love*, Column, Sept. 28). If Anna would step down off her high horse for a minute she would discover many feminists are living in heterosexual, monogamous relationships and are deriving great pleasure from both men and children.

—FRANCIS DICK
Toronto

On the road again

Robert Thomas Allen is right-on and lays it out clearly (*Driving Drivers Around the Road*, Padman, Sept. 28). New drivers' lack training, discipline and maturity—especially truck drivers with their *Dukes of Hazzard* complexes. Let responsible drivers keep their licences and remove the irresponsible.

—HARRY WICKES
Winnipeg, Ont.

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply name, address and telephone number. Mail correspondence to: Letters to the Editor, Maclean's magazine, 221 University Ave., Toronto, Ont. M5G 1A7.

We promised on television to help you understand more about the oil and gas aspect of the energy question. We're keeping that promise.

You may have seen some of our messages on television. We're the Canadian Petroleum Association, and our more than seventy member companies produce about 80% of Canada's oil and natural gas.



Oilfields of Canada, Canada is not just the job in big news report between lines like 'The Union says it will take action and may force the workers out of the job if they do not accept the terms of the new contract'.

In a nation-wide study, we asked Canadians how they felt about the country's current energy situation. You and you felt confused and frustrated and that you wanted more clear and accurate information.

We want to do what we can to help clear up some of the confusion surrounding the energy question. So we're working to help you understand more about the oil and gas aspect of energy.

The energy question

The so-called energy question is really made up of many questions. Are we facing immediate shortages? Is Canada in danger of running out of oil and gas? Will conservation solve our problems? Are there more energy sources readily available to us?

Right now, the world is experiencing an oil glut so there appears to be no likelihood of immediate shortages. But our past experience with revolutions and oil embargoes should convince us that we simply can't take things for granted.

As to whether or not Canada is running out of oil and gas, the answer is yes and no. Yes we are slowly but surely running out of conventional oil. Oil that is relatively easy to get out of the ground. But we have

other kinds of oil. In our oil sands, in the Arctic and beneath the ocean floor. That kind of oil, however, is more difficult to get at and much more expensive to get out.

Will conservation solve our problems? It will certainly help, but given long-term energy projections and a continuing decline in conventional oil production it is possible for Canada to become self-sufficient in oil and gas only with development of new petroleum resources.

Alternate energy sources do hold real promise for the future. But this future is probably several generations away. It appears that oil and gas will remain our primary energy sources well into the next century.

Our energy habits

Currently, petroleum accounts for an estimated 55% of Canada's primary energy requirements. Oil accounts for 40% and natural gas provides 15%.

In 1980, Canada produced about 1.32 million barrels of oil. But Canadians consumed 1.87 million barrels. The difference was made up by oil imported into our country. Our known reserves of natural gas, however, suggest that we will have enough for our own needs plus enough to export for many, many years to come.



Not only does our own supply of oil and gas meet our needs, but we also have a surplus of oil and gas to export to other countries. The surplus is Canada's oil and gas.

A little bit of knowledge

Some people say a little bit of knowledge can be a dangerous thing. At the Canadian Petroleum Association, we believe a little bit of knowledge is an important beginning. Obviously, this advertisement cannot contain enough information to make you an oil and gas expert. But we do hope it has helped you understand more about the oil and gas aspect of the energy question.

CANADIAN PETROLEUM ASSOCIATION.
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A leak in Ottawa's oil barrel

"Ask the government for a bandage and you'll wind up in a straitjacket"

By Earle Gray

The oil and gas we've been using for most of the past decade have cost as far too much. It is not, paradoxically, that prices have been too high. In fact the prices—as distinct from our actual cost—have been too low, just not the lowest in the world. But these prices are only part of the cost. The hidden part has been the cost of government intervention, which has kept the prices low. When world oil prices started climbing a dizzy spiral in late 1973, the federal government deemed that Canadians should pay less for their oil and gas than almost anyone else. The trouble is that the government help is not free—the subsidies paid for imported oil alone were Jan. 1, 1984, amount to \$12 billion. But we have also had to pay for it with the reduced value of the Canadian dollar, higher taxes, higher interest rates, loss of investment capital and loss of jobs.

It would have been cheaper to pay the higher prices. Were governments stop in to help out, it is time to start figuring out what it is going to cost, and who is going to pay for it. Ask the oil companies. They ought to know. In the 1950s and 1960s, the federal government was busy trying to help not the oil consumers, but the oil producers. Oil from the Middle East was so cheap that it could have been shipped from the Persian Gulf to Edmonton for less than the price of oil from the Redwater field, fewer than 25 km away. So the government intervened to keep foreign oil out of most of Canada. The effect of that was to increase sales of Canadian oil, at higher prices than almost anywhere else.

The government's efforts to keep oil sales and prices up turned out about as disastrous as its later effort to keep oil prices down. The government help in the '50s and '60s enabled the oil companies to increase their sales of oil by hundreds of millions of barrels, at government-subsidized prices of nearly \$3 per barrel at a time when world prices were under \$2. The effect is that we are now paying approximately \$45 per barrel for imported oil to replace this increased production that was sold for less than \$3 per barrel—an enormous cost to the national economy. "Ask the government for a bandage," one oil man had warned at the time, "and you'll wind up in a straitjacket."

Now it is the country's whole economy that has been put in a straitjacket by the government's bandages for oil and gas consumers. Low prices have meant higher taxes to pay for oil imported at up to \$46 per barrel and sold for half that price. Low prices since 1973 have—despite a temporary surge in the late '70s—driven billions of dollars, jobs and drilling rigs out of the country to search for oil in the United States, the North Sea, Australia, Liberia—wherever the price was higher. Low prices meant less oil devel-

oped here and more oil imported. The flight of money for foreign oil development and foreign oil imports contributed in a big way to the sinking value of the Canadian dollar, stronger inflation and soaring interest rates. "Our present interest rates have a large made-in-Canada content," said Bank of Canada Governor Gerald Bouey recently. "Our problems have been exacerbated by the dispute over energy prices."

Low prices discouraged reductions in the amount of oil and gas we use, discouraged development of other forms of energy and invited still more government intervention. Energy Minister Marc Lalonde promised to warn Canadians off oil. That means switching to solar energy, biomass, nuclear, hydrogen, whatever. But if it sells for less than it's worth, it is hard to convince anyone to switch to other forms of energy. So more government grants. More taxes. Wrong way. Nothing can help develop all forms of energy as much as simply allowing oil to be sold at its market value.

When the full cost of the energy we buy is clearly marked on our monthly fuel bills and at the gasoline pumps, at least we will know what we are really paying. And there are things we can do about it—smaller cars, more insulation, lower thermostats—all the things that have been preached to us all business. But what can we do to cope with the cost of government help? Not much. The government's attempt to shield Canadians from prices the rest of the world must pay for oil and gas was doomed from the start. Oil and gas are like anything else. In the long run, you must pay what a competitive market says it is worth, or you won't get it. It's as simple, and as inevitable, as that.

The Liberal party's 1980 election promise of low "made-in-Canada" oil prices has been abandoned. Prices that Canadians will pay for oil are scheduled to increase to essentially the world level during the next five years. By mid-1986, we will pay 75 per cent of world prices for oil produced from Canadian oilfields discovered before 1981. But that will be only part—and a rapidly diminishing part—of the oil and gas we'll need. For the rest, whether produced in Canada or imported, we'll pay the full world price.

We'll pay much more for oil and gas, but we'll save the rest of the government help. I, for one, am an economist that this will be a bargain. Now if Ottawa really wants to help, it could heed the advice given to the government of France some 300 years ago. "What could the state do to aid the country's sick economy?" French businessmen were asked. Their advice came in almost Go away. Laissez-faire, laissez-passer. Good idea, Ottawa.

Earle Gray is the author of several books on energy, including the soon-to-be-released *Great Canadian Scams*.



Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka. The spirit of the Czar lives on.

It was the time of "War and Peace," "The Nutcracker Suite," Of Tolstoy and Dostoevsky.

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Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka. The spirit of the Czar lives on.



Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka.



"WE'VE GOT TO BREAK DOWN THE INSURANCE STEREOTYPE, BUT WE'VE HARDLY SCRATCHED THE SURFACE AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED."

Harold West, Royal Insurance Branch Manager in Edmonton, Alberta, shakes up some stubborn myths about commercial insurance.

Q. WHAT STEREOTYPE ARE YOU WORKING AGAINST?

A. A lot of people see commercial insurance as a cut-and-dried, facts-and-figures business. It's like them to see it as a really Creative Strategy. And I don't know of any other career that can put you in contact with everything there is to business life. Building a bridge, making rollercoasters, starting a laundry. It doesn't matter what it is, we're involved with everything that's new, as well as everything that's old.

Q. WHAT'S THE REAL PICTURE REALLY LIKE?

A. It's not a burdensome thing. I love it because we're dealing with the unknown, and there's something new all the time. My goal has always been to make certain that our people all the way down the line understand that it wants them to use their intelligence and imagination to do new things, to look at problems with a fresh viewpoint. Here in Alberta there's a great feeling of excitement. Entrepreneurs trying out new ideas, building new things.

We have to fit the business climate we're in and come up with new services and new products ourselves.

Q. DOESN'T SIZE LEAD TO BUREAUCRACY AND THE BIG MACHINE?

A. It doesn't have to. Since the Royal is the largest insurer of homes, cars and businesses in the country, we can afford to do our own staff training. Once you're training people from the start, you bring them up with your own thinking and you also learn what their strengths are.

The result is that you can give them a lot more latitude and freedom to make the most of their own ideas.

Q. HOW DO YOU GET THE BEST FROM YOUR PEOPLE?

A. You train people properly and then let them free to do their own thing within the area they're comfortable in. Sure they're going to make mistakes, but that's all part of their training, their experience. People get paid to make decisions, and when they make decisions, they're bound to make some mistakes.

Q. HOW DO YOU PERSONALLY MAKE DECISIONS?

A. I ask questions. Asking questions is what commercial insurance is all about. With experience, you learn to ask the right questions and to make decisions on that basis. After I've finished talking to everyone, asked all the questions, completed everything I have to do, I'll always sleep on it when it's something important. It's amazing how many better decisions I make as a result of it.

Q. WHAT'S IT LIKE TO WORK WITH YOU?

A. In the main, I let my people do their own thing with very little input from me. I'm meticulous in detail but I don't believe as a lot of written reports. I'd just as soon have somebody come in and we talk it over and that's the end of it. We branch managers should be the same as our marketing people, diagnosing what the problems are. We shouldn't be sitting in some ivory tower. The ivory tower can be an occupational hazard, and I'm going to get rid of it one way or another.

Q. WHY BUY COMMERCIAL INSURANCE THROUGH AN INDEPENDENT BROKER OR AGENT?

A. I'd rather have a qualified broker or agent look after me simply because of the personal contact. If you have a policy with a direct writer of insurance—without an agent—who are you going to see if you have a problem with your

policy? Do you really think someone in a big insurance company is going to sit down with you the same way as an independent agent who is earning his bread and butter by keeping you as a satisfied customer?

Q. WHAT DO YOU SEE IN THE FUTURE FOR YOUR BRANCH OF THE ROYAL?

A. We're going to have the biggest and best branch in the country. I'm working on getting as many people as possible to come to the Royal, simply because we're the best company with the best product. And it's not enough just to say we're the best. We have to show it. Show that we have the people and the product to do the job right. It's as simple as that. The people. The product.

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A region's complex fabric hemmed in by tradition

Appalachians struggle through the boom-bust cycles of coal



Shack-town Appalachia: a tightly close of mountain fight and overcrowding

By Daniel Burstein

It was 17 years ago that U.S. President Lyndon Johnson sat on Ten Fitcher's collapsing front porch near the exhausted and desperate town of Ison, Ky., promising the unemployed coal miner that the federal government would wage a "war on poverty" until hunger and joblessness had become things of the past in America.

President Ronald Reagan has shown no desire to visit the hills and hollows of eastern Kentucky or the mountainous portions of the surrounding states of West Virginia, Virginia and Tennessee, which make up the region known as central Appalachia. But if he did—were he to drive up the twisting gravel road in West Virginia that follows Gable Creek to its head where Bethlehem Steel's No. 113 coal mine stands like an abandoned ghost town—he might meet the Peck family on a porch almost identical to the canebrake dwelling where Lyndon Johnson met Ten Fitcher.

The Pecks have no running water and

no indoor plumbing. The house is in bed of repair with dangerously creaking boards giving the impression that it might not withstand another harsh winter or catastrophic flood. The yard is thick with dirt mowing in swarms from rotting garbage to festering refuse. The four children haven't had new clothes or shoes in years and the cans of beans and potatoes on the shelves are obtained mostly with food stamps. "The only good thing I can say about our situation is we don't have nothing," says Rachel Peck, the wife of a frequently laid-off coal miner.

For the Pecks, and perhaps two million others among Appalachia's 20 million inhabitants, the war on poverty is far from over. In 48 of Kentucky's 49 mountain counties, the average personal income of \$5,221 (U.S.) falls far short of the national average of \$7,440. In northern Hinton County, where bloody labor wars between coal bosses and union miners have been going on for half a century, a full 42 per cent of

the population subsists below the federally defined poverty line of \$4,300 a year income for a family of four.

Yet the Reagan administration's budget cutters are decimating Washington's responsibility for the region at an odd. Since Reagan assumed office in January, in fact, Appalachia has emerged at the center of a textbook controversy between liberal and conservative economists over how to ameliorate society's ills. For almost two decades, the liberals have had the upper hand, pouring some \$12 billion into development projects aimed at upgrading the region's roads, schools, nutrition, hospitals, housing, food preservation and water and power systems. Much of the money has been channeled through the Appalachian Regional Commission (ARC), a hefty federal institution credited as often with saving the area from starvation as it is denounced for corruption, pork-barreling and imposing solutions dreamed up in distant think tanks on questionable mountain citizens.

Reagan's budget director, David Stockman, however, has proposed dismantling ARC in 1982 and has charted huge cutbacks in other programs that have particular importance in Appalachia. The administration's argument is that a brighter future for Appalachia's disadvantaged lies in stimulating the coal industry's profitability by lowering taxes, easing environmental regulations and offering investment incentives in the region.

The debate is particularly heated because Appalachia itself is not normally a rural foreign country within the U.S. Its people distrust outsiders because outsiders continually fail to understand its realities. As far back as the frontier days, Americans thought the area unsuitable, meaning in Daniel Reiter's sweeping statement of finding the shortest possible route to the West through its forbidding mountains.

More than the severity of its geography, however, Appalachia has developed as a land apart owing to its allegiance to big coal. No other American region has been as dependent for so long on one product for its well-being, and coal's boom-bust cycles have left the area as jagged economically and socially as its ancient glacier-scraped mountains. Appalachia's cities grew up around mines for coal twice and all residential communities are built on the remnants of company-owned coal strips. They often bear names reflective of coal or simply the wives, daughters and lovers of coal bosses: Hamlet, Nitro and Top Mast, Hazen, Alex and Pappa Paxon.

Cities and families, closely knit through hard times, frequent mine disasters and devastating floods, have carved out a unique mountain lifestyle.

Centuries ago, in the city of dreams, Venetian Cream was born.

The origins of Venetian Cream are veiled in the mists of time. Legend has it that this mysterious blend of rich cream and fine, aged brandy was reserved for the Venetian nobility.

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Rachel Peck and children: the war on poverty is far from over

its romantic and ordering themes—religion, family, courage, pride, loyalty and freedom—are mixed and summed in the music of bluegrass fiddlers and the folk poetry of masters of the art of storytelling. Issues provincialism characterizes mountain life. Even though Kentucky is famed for its bourbon, most of the Appalachian part of the state has remained "dry" since prohibition. Bootleggers and moonshiners still thrive, substituting their wares for a lack of other cultural attractions. In all of Marion County there is only a single bookstore, and many movie houses have been boarded up since the massive emigration that followed the coal depression of the 1930s. Yet within many Appalachian houses, furniture-making, quilting and whittling remain, traditional crafts far more vibrant here than in most of the US.

Amid the complex fabric that has held the texture of Appalachian life together, one thread stands out above all else: the eternal conflict between those who own the region's wealth and those who merely live and work there. Even today, after widespread economic change, Kentucky writer Harry Claid's early 1960s observation remains true: the people of these mountains have "grown absolutely poor in a land stuffed with natural resources."

Remembering 17 years of the government's anti-poverty efforts, the Louisville Courier-Journal recently found that "federally financed programs have succeeded in treating some of the symptoms of poverty but generally failed to eliminate its causes." With central Appalachia remaining at the mercy of its one-crop coal economy, the newspaper observed that its people were increasingly being segregated into two sections: "a prosperous one that derives jobs and incomes from coal and an impover-

ished one outside coal's grasp." The new prosperity is not hard to find. Federally built four-lane interstates now sweep through the majestic passages of one-time-wealthy, hardscrabble hills. They focus occasionally through towns that are devoted not only to their post office, church and gas station as in previous years, but now by their Pizza Huts, McDonalds, trailer parks and new hospitals that would have been unthinkable 20 years ago.

Capitalizing on the increased worldwide demand for coal, the militant United Mine Workers of America (UMWA) has fought hard for a bigger share of the wealth over the past decade. In the stubborn 72-day strike that swept the coalfields earlier this year, the UMWA won a wage settlement that will see union miners making \$100 a day. Although many miners worry about the Reagan administration's seeming anti-labor orientation, it is the old, the sick and the hard-core poor who fear Reaganism the most. That fear bumps no heavy as to be almost tangible away from the main roads, high up in the hills where the "other America" is still boldly visible in tin-roofed shacks, infants with stomachs bloated from an all-starch diet and the long-suffering faces of the jobless middle-aged. At a funeral for 66-year-old Bessie Bevin near Evans, Ky., no one seemed to know what she had died of. "We didn't have money for a doctor and the hospital's too far away," said a relative.

The immense power of the coal companies is legend in Appalachia. They are said to control the legislature, the judges and, as in the days of union boss Tony Boyle, much of the UMWA's leadership as well. Tom Gish is one who knows first-hand the strength of the coalfield power structure. His slow, pleasant speech and affable manner belie the bit-



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"See you again."



Editor Glick: clearly not in hard times

ter experience he has had seeing the mines of his small but influential Mountain Eagle (population 7,000) newspaper in Whitesburg, Ky., turned down by those who wanted to silence his outspoken voice on local issues. "What we're dealing with," says Glick, "is an effort by the Reagan administration to turn the clock back not just to before the Kennedy-Johnson era, but to the 1890s, when corporations could exploit people shamelessly and plunder the land with no controls."

Glick is particularly worried right now about strip-mining, the highly profitable surface mining technique which is so imminent to literal rape of the land. In the wake of the giant bulldozers, mountains and erupciones are destroyed, rivers polluted and the mountains of turned-up earth greatly increase the flood danger. Reflecting the attitudes of the 19th century that still confine and constrain the region's development, most individuals don't even benefit from strip-mining on their own and their grandparents or great-grandparents usually put their "X" in the signature line on a "broad-form" deed, giving mining companies mineral rights to their property. To a people who had never had a cash economy, 50 cents an acre for mineral rights sounded like a bonanza. Now, their offspring are suffering, sometimes unable to even prevent a mining company from striping land that they own. Says Bob Lewis of Letcher County, Ky. "You can't stop these believers from coming. The coal companies own the courts and the courts say it's legal."

Yet another spectre haunting over the outfields in Washington's new restrictions on black-long benefits, which have caused a 30-per-cent reduction in benefits to stricken miners so far this year. Dr. Donald Rasmussen, whose Rockledge, W. Va., diagnostic physician



laboratory has been visited by 16,000 miners in the past 12 years, believes that the labor department is now moving in the direction of endorsing black lung as a disease deserving of government/company award benefit allocations. "If you don't believe black lung comes from coal mining," says the energetic doctor as he examines lab reports on the gray-faced miners who line his office corridors, "just come in here and look at these." He points to the blood-strewn and lungs of these men.

As a victim of black lung, Robert Grills, perhaps best symbolizes the fine line between prosperity and poverty that could be achieved by the Reagan administration's plans for the region. At 61, he is plagued by an overwhelming weakness and shortness of breath. The inside of his chest is darker than the ash mines he worked in for 30 years, and he is in constant physical pain. Because of black-lung benefits, however, he has been able to retire to a modern, air-conditioned double trailer complete with color TV and push-button telephone. But if Congress wipes out black-lung benefits, Grills could end up the same way as did his father's generation of crippled, broken men. With a very snide Grills mews "I'm an upright man and a good Christian. I don't believe in mine" and berms." But for anyone who wants to show this new doctor Reagan how we feel, I'll surely buy the matches."

Hope and fear are often twinned in the impoverished Baptist philosophy that underlies much of Appalachia. Thinking Along with fears about Reaganomics, hope still runs high that the upturn in coal production will lay the basis for permanent prosperity. Such expectations have fuelled the return of hundreds of thousands of mountain people who left the region during and during two decades ago when the mines closed due to a sharp decline in con-



Typical Appalachian housing (top left): Appalachian (top right) and older double Brock (above): "This is my spot"

sumer demand, desperately searching for work in Cincinnati, Chicago and Detroit.

The irony is brutal. Now it is America's industrial cities that are laying off unskilled Appalachian factory hands in the auto and steel plants. Just as the bright lights of Chicago once lured penniless, so today the thought of \$800 a day in the coal mine and a return to familiar surroundings looks good to those coming back from the Midwest to the West Virginia that a John Denver song identified not long ago as Almost Heaven.

But the opportunities aren't always there when the people return. For 20-year-old Johnny Eklins, who has been back from Indianapolis for two months, there is little chance of getting a mining job in the near future since the mines have shed a two-year waiting list of job applicants. Carrying water from pump-to-outcrops along a road in Mc-



eris, Ky., Eklins says "This place's just too poor, I don't live."

Homecoming has been a sweeter experience for Brenda Brock, 35, of Letcher County, Ky., whose parents left Appalachia long ago, ending up in the Detroit industrial suburb of Flint. Nick Brock came back to the mountains in 1977 and found happiness in what was, at the time, a most unusual location for a woman coal miner. Now there are some 3,000 women miners. They have not only destroyed the old miners' superstition that a woman even seen near a mine could cause a disaster, but they have proven capable of doing virtually every job, physically demanding job made miners do.

With good wages made at Sawyer's High Split mine, Brenda Brock has been able to move from a dilapidated house on a main-road-to-the-park drive from the mine, to a modern house close by, with the Cumberland Mountains for a backdrop. She's got a new car and feels that even as a single mother she can now offer the better things in life to her one-year-old daughter, Jewel. "There's something powerful and beautiful about this place," says Brock. "My parents can't understand why I would want to come back to what they escaped from. That's my spot."

One of the stereotypes about Appalachia is that it is supposed to be so tradition-bound as to be unchangeable. But Brenda Brock could never acceptance in the service of long coal there is no telling what changes may yet take place in the coming years. Like a great deal about in history, however, it takes a mighty dose of mountain light and determination will be necessary to survive the impact of the Reagan administration on Appalachia. There's so many stereotypes about mountain people that just aren't true," says newspaperman Tom Glick. "But one truth is that these are people who have learned to suffer and survive." ☐

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FOLLOW-UP

Bomb in the Big Apple



Goffin's as Pierre's "one-woman Turkey"

"Poor Canada!" sniffed Frank Rich, drama critic of *The New York Times*. Instead of a real national heroine, like Jackie Onassis, "our dear neighbor to the north" is stuck with Margaret Trudeau. Even more pitiful, the merchants have written a play about her, *Maggie and Pierre*, that is "Tatoua, at times incoherent... an endless parade of so-called vignettes."

Squeamish That buries the play that is still packing houses in Canada after almost two years bombed in New York City. Although the *New York Post's* Clive Barnes tagged the show "extraordinarily engaging" and heralded Goffin's "hydra-headed performance as 'beyond virtuosity,'" he was a lone howl in the New York theatrical purple. The *Daily News* ran its stinging par under the headline ONE-WOMAN TURKEY FOR CANADA, and summed up the performance of Linda Goffin (co-author and performer of both title roles) as "a self-indulgent extravaganza by an arrogant actress." Eric Foner, who only one year ago faced his first Broadway dressing down when *Billy Bishop Goes to War* closed again and that after a two-week run, was singled out for his "creditable Jimmy Stewart impersonation." Nowhere else. Pierre's "sollicit efforts," *Maggie and Pierre*

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Juana is a shy little girl, a child who extremely accepts whatever life hands out to her. In the poor village where she lives, that means she accepts hardships and hardships we can't even begin to imagine. Her parents own \$1 a day. Her home is in danger of tumbling down. Juana gets it all—no school, no electricity, no books. She can go to church—but there is no doctor. Juana has no very little, and there is no very much she could ask for. But all

"What we really needed was a crusader among the critics. Without it, we're finished"

was still "amateur night."

The reviews crashed more than the actors' egos. They effectively dismantled the hopes of the producers, Toronto movie mogul Garth Drachinsky and his New York associate Norman Kras, to take the play to Broadway. Instead, it closed last week after just three weeks on off Broadway. "We've had a few tumbles," said co-author and director Paul Thompson, greybeard of Toronto's Theatre Passe Muraille. "But what we really needed was a crusader among the critics. Without it we're finished."

In failing to catch the Great White Way's fever, *Magpie and Pierre* follows a tradition of sensitive Canadian hits that have flamed south of the border. Unlike *My Blue Heaven*, a critical success that flopped because it couldn't fill a large Broadway house, *Magpie and Pierre* played it safe financially. It ran in a 250-seat auditorium where 50 per cent of the seats were pre-sold through subscriptions to the Phoenix Theatre's annual five-play season. Production costs of \$75,000 (U.S.) were picked up by the Phoenix. Griffiths and Thompson even shared large segments of the play for American exorcisms. In Canada Griffiths played all three roles, but in New York the character of the reporter Henry, was split off. Peterson played Henry as a reporter writing a feature on the Trudeau for *The New York Times*. The initial B.C. as in the province, went at the salaries of Phoenix's Artistic Director Steve Robman who thought they meant "before Christ." Canada's most famous assemblage of quarters hit the floor when Robman wondered aloud at a rehearsal, "What the hell is a Group of Seven?"

If the reviews flopped, the original *Magpie and Pierre* is thriving. The play is booked for the next eight months in theatres across Canada. Patricia Ostrum has taken over in the three-tiered part.

For Linda Griffiths, the New York failed wait. In one sense, a welcome release from the project that has dominated her life for two years. She is anxious to move on to other acting and writing projects. "I have to start living a normal life again. I want to be able to go out and just drink at night and be irresponsible with my body for a change." Yet she was greatly disturbed by the "harassment" of the New York reviews. "The worst thing was not to be taken seriously. I felt I had taken a complete crap in the face for all the other Canadian plays that had failed here."

—JANE O'HARA

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THIS CANADA

Justice takes to the road

By Malcolm Gray

The Alaska Highway near Carcross in the northern Yukon is a lion's-plum for a late summer afternoon. The highway is shimmering in the heat, the mosquitoes are biting and the fleet stirred up by tourists' outcrops ("Don't stop, honey, he might be dangerous") is intimidated by road crews upgrading the gravel highway. A multi-laned Deane truck pulls up alongside the truck where there are four men inside and, after four days on the road, the discarded cheese wrappers, empty potato chip packages and juice cans are starting to build up. The vehicle, property of the province of British Columbia, is a silver on wheels. The window of the truck is rolled down and a hand



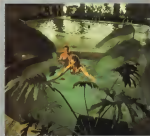
Campbell (left): Watts and travel at top's end: silver on wheels, rough terrain

holding a cold bottle of beer appears before the truck's driver. "We don't have any more room, but you look as if you could use a cold beer," says Douglas Campbell, a B.C. court judge, dispensing shovels instead of justice here.

Anyone passing out beer on a hot day attracts attention fast. Even before the truck-kicker has a chance to swallow, the operator of a large road grader decides to get into the act. He swings his machine toward the truck, making drinking motions with his hands as he skids to within inches of the driver. But Watts, a B.C. producer officer. Watts hands out his second free beer of the day. "Compliments of the government of British Columbia," he says, hoping

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Campbell in Vancouver: not for how a life spent in a judicial closet

that the grader operator doesn't make ahead and suggest that all heavy-equipment operators on the road demand a cold drink.

Now this sort of experience does not happen to Douglas Campbell when he sits as a family court judge in Vancouver. Yet, Campbell is on his way to work. Every two months he does the northern circuit, a 3,200-km trip over gravel roads that takes him to Atlin, Lower Post and Cassiar, three communities at the top of B.C. For a week at a time, the people who form the court—the clerk, the prosecutor and various defence lawyers—are housed together in a rough extension of justice. On the road, Campbell preserves his judicial distance by travelling separately from both Crown and defence lawyers. Instead, he rides with Wams, who makes regular swings through the north. Says Campbell: "It's basically a long drive

interrupted by a few hours in court."

Campbell started doing the northern tour out of curiosity over a year ago, and now, despite the discomforts of bad food and lumpy beds, he's hooked. At 36, Campbell has been a judge for seven years, the youngest ever appointed to the B.C. bench. Not for him a life spent in a judicial closet, emerging at intervals in red and black robes to pronounce sentence. "I couldn't live like that," he says. He evidently relishes riding along in a truck, dressed in blue jeans and rugby shirt and drinking beer. And what of the dignity of the bench? As it happens, no laws are broken. The Yukon is more free-spaced than most places in Canada: drinking beer in a moving vehicle is legal. When the driver can no longer, although Watts settles for one more year. The only tricky part is making sure to finish the beer before the road dips back into British Columbia.



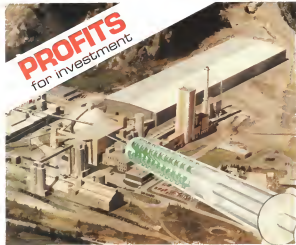
Watts (right) with client in Cassiar: passing out beer as a hot day

Atlin is the first court stop, a small town of 250 where Watts's grandmother taught school during the prospecting boom at the turn of the century. On this fine, cool Monday morning, Campbell faces an embarrassing situation. Ed Johnson, the government agent, is waiting for him on the steps of the blue painted courthouse. In places like Atlin, the government agent is the state. He does everything from acting as court clerk and justice of the peace to handling out road maps and helping prospectors register their claims. Today, Johnson, who is usually smartly dressed, is wearing a weathered jean jacket and casual pants. Campbell's surprise turns to concern when Johnson says he will not be appearing as an officer of the court but as the agent for two friends charged with fishing in a river closed to angling. Off the bench, Campbell is friendly with Johnson, but he is obviously irritated at being placed in a position that might compromise him. When Johnson offers a guilty plea on behalf of the two absent men, Campbell, after learning that the conservation officers consider the case serious, lets them both with stiff \$500 fines.

During the proceedings the old furnace that heats the building roars into life. During the winter, the court must close between skating over the noise or enduring the cold in a room where the windows are patched with cardboard and daylight enters through cracks in the wall. One day last winter, after a basement flood had stopped the furnace altogether, a local woman took pity on the shivering court crowd and offered food and warm drinks. "There was even a little bit of food with an assumed murder charge and everyone, even the accused, was sipping coffee out of Styrofoam cups and eating chocolate chip cookies," Campbell said.

At lunch at the Atlin Inn, Campbell notes that he came down on his back on Johnson's friends—even though he would make the same judgment again. A metre away, a teen-ager with a plumed velvet cap and plaid jacket sits drinking coffee and avoiding eye contact. Less than an hour earlier, the judge had charged him out for smoking beer and then passing out in public.

"You're 16, it's 12 noon and you're to drink you can't stand up. By the time you are 25, you are going to be an alcoholic and a useless person unless you shape up," Campbell said. Sentences: 36 hours of community work around the campsite where the beer was stolen and a 7 p.m. curfew for two weeks. For the girl involved, a pretty and self-assured brunette, there is an added punishment. She had told the local constable laying the charges to get stuffed in several drunken ways for that she has to wash down the RCMP vehicle, a job that is



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door before several amused friends.

After Afta, the cannon rolls on, moving through places as small as there are on the most detailed maps. There are no local television stations in this isolated part of B.C., but illegal earth receiving stations keep people up on the latest news in Manhattan and the chances of rain along the eastern peninsula, thanks to squalls being pulled in from New York.

Through Whitehorse and Lower Post, the last stop in Cassiar, an isolation-loving town whose most prominent feature is a 15-story slag heap hanging

over the neat houses. By this point everyone is travel-tired from the long hours on the road, but Cassiar offers some consolation. The mining company, Cassiar Resources Division, of British Mining Ltd., determines where visitors will spend the night. For Campbell, that means a luxurious four-bedroom guesthouse usually reserved for visiting executives. The food at "the Palace" is the same as that served to workers in the cookhouse a few blocks away, but served on fine earthenware and crystal it tastes better.

The next day, however, there is the

familiar old story of the North Indians and alcohol. It opens with Watts making a trip to the nearby Indian community of Good Hope Lake, giving a ride to seven people due to appear as defendants or witnesses at both. The courtroom here is in the community hall above the gymnasium and foyer where most of the witnesses wait, watching color television. It is a long, dimly-lit room with a high ceiling. Many of the people who rode into town on Watts's shuttle service are drunk. Beside the courtroom Campbell is struggling just to work through the case list, never mind coming down on the occasional loss of concentration of the woman who sits close by drinking an orange soft drink. It is nearly 6 p.m. when the last case is heard: an Indian teen-ager who pleads guilty to indecent assault. He is placed on a year's probation and warned not to go near the girl he attacked. The bag, handsome and smiling, is given a warning by Watts. "You keep up again and you're dead meat. This judge is mean. He'll put you away if you appear before him again."

Court is over, and yet the trial by distance isn't finished. There is still an all-night drive to Terrace before the flight home to Vancouver. The talk moves between hostessing, drinking and more serious discussion of the frustration of seeing first-hand the hopeless Indian villages where welfare is the main economic support. The conversation is pretty much the same on each trip. Campbell: "Alcohol counseling is prime. It's at the top of the list of what's needed." Watts: "You could bring up every public service known and sock it to Good Hope Lake and it wouldn't make much difference."

With his first-hand knowledge, Campbell does not hesitate to press far harshly needed reforms in the North. "It's still part of B.C. People up here are as entitled to services as anyone in the south." Pushing the government into action takes time and patience, though. It took several months, and a thick file of letters between bureaucrats, before the government agreed to send probation officer Watts to supervise the sentences Campbell was handing out in Lower Post.

After a while, the conversation stops and the fatigue sets in. In the early hours of the morning, the problems of the North seem overwhelming. What does it matter that Campbell is a friend to the residents of Vancouver for a week at a time? His thinking is important. Making the circuit gives him a better understanding of the community than if he had popped in for a day, at a time by chance, as judges did before he started. Besides, where else does a judge get the chance to hand out free beer to hitch-hikers on a hot summer's day? ☐

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Robyn Chubb, a 35-year-old former investment consultant, began to take drawing and painting classes at Three Schools in 1979. "I have always been interested in art," says Chubb, "but because of my profession I had very little opportunity of practicing it. The Three Schools gave me that chance." With nowhere to take classes in the same way, Chubb is now taking private instruction from a former teacher, but many other elderly people who attended the school and were awarded financially with reduced rates and scholarships, find themselves shut out from even this option.

Now the Elmer Street West premises of Three Schools is in the process of being sold and more than 100 professional artists are out of work. Don

Wood, caught in a policy shift



Loughhead, a 50-year-old artist, had taught drawing and painting at Three Schools since 1967. From sales of his own work and his teaching, he earned \$7,000 last year. "I was able to make a survival living out of it," Loughhead says. "I don't know what I am going to do now. It looks quite bleak." Yet, despite the financial repercussions, Loughhead, like many Three Schools former students, thinks something larger has been lost. "The Three Schools had something to do with the quality of life. It was a good and exciting place to work and study—a place to do your job well and advance your soul. Surely, it represented something that governments should be promoting rather than cutting down." ☐

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Where the wild things are

Big game hunting is big business for such seasoned guides as B.C.'s Wolfenden brothers

By Gordon Legge

It was already late afternoon when the blue Ford half-ton pulled alongside the base of Mount Denier, just outside the western gates of Yoho National Park. Don Wolfenden, a B.C. rancher who spends most of his autumn guiding big game hunters, and Jean-Luc Surprenant and André Bouscotte, two Quebec businessmen, jumped out of the truck, passed for a drink in the clear mountain creek and began their climb. They scrambled for nearly two hours, up through tangled brush, over fallen trees, along narrow game paths.

The long-hauling trip up the mountain was explained. The hunting party had been across the valley when a cowal "glass" of Mount Denier revealed elk on a forested ridge at 1,900 metres. As the men ascended, they could see, through binoculars, several cow elk and a bull elk moving in and out of the trees. Yet the guide secretly doubted they would get anything that night.

Then, at a corner of a small, steep gravel slope, Wolfenden motioned the hunters to halt. Traps crackled in the bush ahead. Drawing a deep breath, he blew into his homemade elk bugle—resembling a schoolboy's recorder—giving three loud, distinct ascending whistles, followed by a note that tapered off. A bull elk charged into view 10 metres ahead, then the thunder of a

gunshot echoed across the mountain. A second later the elk, shot through the neck, cracked seven metres down the hillside. Surprenant, who fired the shot, grunted and shook hands all around, while Wolfenden raced after the prize. Minutes later he was elbow deep in blood, removing the innards and decapitating the elk so he could carry the head out on his packboard. The hunters sliced off the hooves and anklets (to be used in salting or lampooning). Darkness and jungle-like thickets of alders forced them to abandon the carcass halfway down the mountain. They made their way back to the truck by the light of a full moon and returned the next day on horseback to retrieve the spoils.

Events like these, where everything doesn't go according to plan, are the ones that hunters remember. And it's these events that ensure the Wolfenden brothers are booked long before the season arrives. They don't advertise their business. It's strictly word of mouth and references. André Bouscotte, 36,

Bouscotte (left) and Surprenant on Mount Denier (below). Don (left) and Alan Wolfenden at home employing the deluxe sixths of a baby-sitter



defence increase in hunters coming to guides.

The two brothers own Beaverfoot Lodge, a 90-year-old cedar log building that sits on a quarter section of prime timber and pastureland 13 km off the Trans-Canada Highway and three hours' drive from Calgary International Airport. The brothers also own 160 acres of territory on which they alone are permitted to guide. Licensed by the province, they take nonresident hunters (hunters from outside B.C. must be accompanied by a guide) through a strip sandwiched between Kootenay and

owner of a meat and chicken processing business in St. Jean-sur-Richelieu, outside Montreal, returned to the Wolfenden lodge this year for the third time in four years. "We love the place," he says.

Don Wolfenden, 35, and his brother Alan, 31, are among the 175 guides in the Western Guides Association who each fall take hundreds of hunters, usually men, from across Canada, the United States and even Europe into the Canadian wilderness to hunt elk, deer, moose, bear, sheep, goats and other game. Big game hunting is big business. This days of hunting with the Wolfendens costs \$1,500 for two hunters to use guide or \$2,000 for one hunter to use guide. With five 13-day trips a season, they will gross about \$90,000 annually. And business is growing. Two years ago they took out 28 hunters, this year they will take out 28. From 1979 to 1989 there was a 17-per-cent increase in hunting licenses granted in B.C. (175,772 in 1989), says Alan Wolfenden. "There's a

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Yolo national park, and the Columbia River.

It's a pristine setting, with no neighbor but a 70-year-old retired trapper and guide who lives down the road in a hand-hewn log cabin. The front porch looks across a meadow of grazing horses that stretches down to the Riverford River and then sweeps up to form the Occidental range. Stiller's pups perch on the bleached rafters that frame the porch. Inside, a stuffed bear, killed long ago, greets visitors from a wall behind the central fireplace.

The Wolfendens purchased the lodge

and territory in 1978 to help balance out their cynical cattle operation. The family, among the first Canadians to bring pumbers Chasidus cattle into the country in the mid 1960s, is known up and down the Columbia Valley where their grandfather settled in 1842. They have been tramping around the mountains since they were old enough to walk, originally accompanying their father, Winston, as he checked out expired prospecting claims. Guiding gives both brothers a chance to pursue their real passion in life—finding out what's on the other side of a mountain. Says Alan



Skinning old bear (above) and cutting skin (below) escape-deep in blood



"You get a disease of the mountains." Alan, a short five-foot, five-miles, is lean, with an old-timey cynicism and grace that belies his ability to out-trick, out-carry and generally outlast most hunters. His brother is six feet tall, and smiles along in his tan cowboy boots like a sheriff. Hunters have nicknamed him "the Goat" for his prodigious climbing ability. He moves natively through the brush with barely a whisper of sweat on his brow, his feet gliding across the ground in a continuous sweep.

Black brothers were nurtured on mountain stories upon by guides around the kitchen stove or the smoker of a mountaineering fire. Says Alan, "A guide will tell a story 16 times and each time it's different." Stories revolve around three topics: horses, bears and hunters. Horses that have in a homeric' means, sending their riders on a wild bronco ride along the sides of an alpine ravine, bears that send hunters toppling headlong through the night down the side of a mountain still muzzled in sleeping bags and pup tents, and hunters who

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Alconnetto and Sargento with elk head

quiver and shake at both the thought
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With the excitement for their back-
yards, the brothers discuss everything
about becoming a good guide, not the
least of which is understanding people.
Guiding hunters, many of whom don't
know the front end of a horse from the
back and whose knowledge of meat is
restricted to supermarket packages, re-
quires the delicate skill of a lobbyist.
It means knowing enough not to get
them footed during the early days of a
trip and spoil their hunt, yet keeping
them on the search, saying "It's just a
bit farther," when in fact it's eight kilo-
meters, giving them enough variety
that they feel they get their money's
worth, a difficult task when 90 per cent
of them are so out of shape they cannot
hike into the best areas, knowing what
to do when a hunter finally conquers
the animal and continues back fever-
ishly dressing or reloading his car-
tridges into the ground from sheer ex-
haustion. But ultimately, the brothers
say, there's no guarantee of success.
"Hunting is 80 per cent luck and 20 per
cent know-how," says Don. "No two
days are the same."

This year they expanded the lodge
into a year-round operation to serve va-
cationers and cross-country skiers. But
guiding is what they like best, up before
sunrise and often in bed well after mid-
night, having parcels of the late dis-
tribution ready that is as much a part
of hunting as the hunt itself. Returning
to the lodge after sundown is a typical
meal of deer liver flamed in brandy,
chicken caudron, roast potatoes, corn,
carrots and ginger apple pudding,
washed down with a litre or two of red
wine, some more of that cooking brandy,
and a few breaths of cool mountain
air, it's a hard life to beat. As Don says,
with the air of a man who savors life "It
sorts gets in your blood." ☐



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The Murder of Anwar Sadat

It was the third day of *Id al Adha*, the Islamic feast that marks Abraham's slaughter of the sacrificial lamb. Benefits of traffic and mourning crepe, Cairo's streets lay deserted as its bearded populace huddled around 779 sets to watch Mohammed Anwar el-Sadat's interment in a shallow, marble pyramid near white, four days earlier, assassin bullets had cut him down. Beneath the fervid was, isolated as though from a plague by jittery security teams, mourners from across the Occident had assembled to pay tribute to the man whose epitaph, carved in gilt, summed

up their consolation: A HERO OF WAR AND PEACE, HE FIND HE LIVED FOR PEACE AND DIED FOR HIS PRINCIPLES.

Led by the towering figure of his successor, Vice-President Hosni Mubarak, they traversed on foot the cordoned-off streets of Mair City, the desolate suburb Sadat had carved out of the desert. The mourners included three former U.S. presidents, Richard Nixon, Gerald Ford and the author of the Camp David peace accords, Jimmy Carter. They were accompanied by France's president, Francois Mitterrand, West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt, Italy's Sandro Pertini, Britain's Prince Charles and, shielded by the largest delegation of security police ever to travel out of Israel, Menachem Begin, Sadat's sometimes infuriating peace partner

who jokingly used to wish him a life as long as Moses' 120 years.

Mounting the revolving stand where Sadat had fallen while holding his closest brush with victory in the 1973 Yom Kippur War, the cortege offered its condolences to Jihan, Sadat's wife of 32 years who had watched the assassinations from close by. Clad in black, with furled corsage, she joined Mubarak to lead the processions to the streamlined pyramidal tomb of the unknown soldier raised by Sadat after the 1973 war, and where the fallen leader's 20-year-old son, Gamal, sagged father's coffin lowered into the stone bowels and opened to reveal the white-clad body with its face turned to Mecca.

But if the remains of Egypt's last leader had been laid to rest, the mystery surrounding his swift and bloody demise remained from how to how. As Sadat's burial procession reached its final destination, no one had any clear idea who really was behind the assassination. Even more disturbing were fears about what repercussions the murder might have on the fragile Middle East peace. At the same time, there was growing concern that foreign powers might have aided the assassins, perhaps as the first step in a dangerous destabilization campaign. And, underlying the worldwide concern, was a deep-seated concern over how—if at all—Mubarak would perform when he took up Sadat's mantle after a national referendum this week.

In the aftermath of the murder, the only common sentiment was a total disbelief of the official Egyptian line. Cairo claimed that Sadat died at the hands of only four assassins led by an artillery officer, Lieut. Khalid Ahmed Shawky el-Islambash, whose brother, a fundamentalist, was one of the

1,600 dissidents imprisoned by Sadat last month. Islambash, Egyptian officials said, had stationed the killers on the truck from which they launched their assault after putting the regular crew on leave.

But that account of the killing—given in contradictory versions by Defense Minister Abdel Halim Abu Ghazala and presidential guard commander Mahmud el-Masri, raised more questions than it answered. For one thing, the number of assassins was disputed by both those present and by newspapers and TV pictures of the attack. For another, it was clear that in private the Egyptians only half believed what they were saying in public. Mubarak himself would say only that the real details of the killing constituted a "long story." Sources said his refusal to elaborate reflected Cairo's fear of alarming its friends and allies.

The one sector of the Egyptian hierarchy that Sadat left untouched by last month's purge—the 370,000-strong armed forces—came under immediate suspicion last week. Security officials searched intensively for other recent cancerous cells like the squad that killed Sadat. Investigators were taking

Assassins strike: swift and bloody demise



place behind barbed-wire barbed encampments and the occupants of army military vehicles were questioned by heavily armed police on Cairo streets. After all, Sadat and his predecessor, Anwar el-Sadat, themselves came out of a secret "free officers" cell in the army. In fact, the artillery unit from which Sadat's assassin sprang was the elite blue-banded republican guard, which came under direct presidential orders and which supported Sadat when he staged his first purge in 1971, doing away with political opponents in what he called a "free-speech coup." It is no surprise that he had been a vocal critic of the army. Mohamed's urgent four-day visit to Washington the weekend before the attack, he spent two hours talking to President Ronald Reagan about intelligence reports that Libya had infiltrated the army and that Sadat's life was in danger.

The Libyans clearly were leading aspects for the role of the barracks. And the historian Khaddafy seemed more than willing to accept responsibility after former U.S. secretary of state Henry Kissinger pointed a finger in his direction. In a broadcast from Tripoli, Khaddafy apparently went even further. He claimed credit for the assassination and put Libya's cash, and its army, at the disposal of Sadat's successors. That seemed only one more confirmation of Sadat's repeated charges that Libya was behind much of the unrest within Egypt. Secretary of State Alexander Haig, however, sent out of his way to put down suggestions of Libyan responsibility for Sadat's bloody martyrdom. Washington also let it be known that the Carter White House had twice intervened secretly to prevent Sadat from dispatching his armies across the desert into Libya.

In the end, the Libyan leader's claim served more to emphasize the fact that the Middle East is honeycombed with organizations only too anxious to accept autonomy for the dead. Even before Sadat's death was confirmed, a man speaking in heavily accented Egyptian Arabic telegraphed foreign news agencies in Beirut to admit responsibility on behalf of the "Independent Organization for the Liberation of Egypt." He promised further details, but he did not call again. Western diplomats in the Lebanese capital had three weeks at least to sit back and watch Egyptian opposition groups, with a host of others scattered across Europe, meet, supported by Libya, Syria and Iraq.

Another man to fall under suspicion for the murder was Lt. Gen. Saadallah Shalhi, the former Egyptian chief of staff who led the 1973 attack on Israel across the Suez Canal. Initially hailed as a hero, Shalhi was dismissed after the subsequent Israeli breakthrough which deprived the Egyptians of victory. After learning of Sadat's death, Shalhi, now in exile in Algeria, called on the army to seize control. But if there was a plot to put him in power it failed to materialize. And at week's end—as Egyptian police were persuaded in a quiet attempt to lead take-over by Muslim extremists in the Upper Nile town of Asyut—the most likely architects of Sadat's assassination seemed to be a radical right-wing fundamentalist sect known as Takfir wal Hijra (Repentance and Holy Hijra).

A 500-strong neoconservative underground movement, which combines urban guerrilla tactics with a fervent zeal aimed at returning Egypt to Khomeini rectitude, the sect had already made one apparent attempt to overthrow Sadat. In 1974, directed by self-styled "Commander of the Faithful"

Shakri Ahmed Mustafa, they attacked the Egyptian technical and military academy in Helwan in a battle that left 13 dead and 27 wounded. Four years ago, the terrorist group adapted and killed a former religious affairs minister, Sheikh Mohammed Hassan el-Zabadi, in an attempt to have 60 fellow guerrillas released from jail. Committed to violence, members of the sect violently opposed Sadat's increased tilt toward the United States, his cooption of modernism and the growing liberation of Egyptian women.

Ironically, Sadat himself may have permitted the crucial re-emergence of the Islamic right wing. After taking power in 1970, he permitted the slow re-emergence of the conservative Muslim Brotherhood, earlier banned by Nasser, out of deference to Muslim sensibilities. Clearly—as Kissinger hinted in comparing Egypt under Sadat to Iran under the shah—Islamic fundamentalism is on the rise, particularly in Egypt's universities. As late as last August, the members of 100,000 fervent faithful who turned out for a prayer session in front of Sadat's Abdin Palace at the end of Ramadan, had become dangerously critical. "Believers do not take the Jews and Christians as friends," one poster read. Other leaflets lamented that Egypt had become a nation "without creed or worship."

At the same time, there were compelling reasons for suspecting that the armed forces—and perhaps even some people in Sadat's own entourage—were implicated in the murder. Among the unanswered questions pointing to their involvement: how did disgraced terrorists succeed in convincing themselves into the top security of a military parade? How did the commando get through strict security with "his assassination"? And how was the deadly truck allowed its position closest to the reviewing stand in a four-alarm procession? "There are no politics in the army," said Gen. Abdel Ghani with stiff upper lip. But that statement is unlikely to inspire unopinioned support.

Such lingering doubts are the main—but far from the only—question marks that now permeate the Middle East. Also at stake is the future of the Israeli-Egyptian peace settlement, the Palestinian issue and Egypt's relations with its estranged Arab brothers. Despite Mubarak's prompt assurances and the equally firm response from Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin—to say nothing of the devout hopes of haggard policy-makers in Washington—the long-term future of the Camp David peace process is even more debatable without Sadat than it had already become with him.

In Washington, there was no consensus on what may follow the murder—only guesses dispensed as speculations. The optimistic view was that Mubarak, if he can consolidate his hold on power, might move forward, not only to complete the Camp David process, but also to bridge the gap between Egypt and its Arab neighbors. If that is the case, it would clearly be in Egypt's interests for Mubarak to keep the Camp David process moving for the next months that are left before Israel is due to hand over the rest of the Golan.

The darker estimate was that if Mubarak is toppled it would, as former National Security Council member Robert Hunter put it, "precipitate the gravest crisis since the 1973 war." In the wider sphere, there were doubts whether Mubarak will continue to make Egyptian ports and military bases available to U.S. rapid deployment forces, or to supply arms to the Muslim guerrillas in Afghanistan. Peace about the



Sadat with Carter and Begin after signing the Camp David accord: what will become of the "strategic consensus"?



Saluting with wife, often (above left), saluting moments before death, and (below) sharing a laugh with Mubarak last year





Funeral procession (above) and Palestinians celebrating in Beirut. Buried with his face turned to Mecca.

future course of Egyptian-American relations centered on a feeling that Sadat had Westernized his nation as far as he might have and that his successor will try to slow the pace while he tightens his grip on power. The U.S. and B.I.T. will be anxious to see the Egyptian military and defense industry in economic relief, effectively accelerating the modernization process—and raising the alienation of many critical social sectors.

An allied question was what would become of the U.S. administration's "strategic consensus"—the loose personal coalition of moderate Arab states (and Israeli) united by a fear of Soviet imperialism. Mubarak is considered to be even more virulently anti-Soviet than his predecessor, but that was not necessarily true of those who might challenge his leadership—indeed, of Mubarak as president rather than as Sadat's deputy.

Many of the same conventions were current in Israel. There, rumors were still being sounded from a wartime, issued a full month before the assassination by the Egyptian lieutenant chief of staff, Lt. Gen. Rafael Ezer, that Sadat, on the occasion of his death, had said: "There is a lady peace with Egypt, but it is a procreation. There is turmoil in Egypt, Sadat could go and everything could come to an end."

It was because of that danger that Israeli planners believed that they should reassess the risks of a final pullout from the Sinai—abandoning in the process what desert outposts and Jewish settlements. Moreover, observers felt that the outpouring against assimilation was sure to intensify within Netanyahu's coalition as well as on the political fringe. To defy his own charismatic constituency and retrieve the settlers would have been hard enough in the best of circumstances. To order withdrawal now would require unusual political courage.

Supporters of the peace agreement, such as former defense minister Ezer Weizman, were quick to remind anxious Israel-



in that the treaty bound two nations, not two individuals. But they also recognized that Israel would have to live cautiously. Former Labor prime minister Yitzhak Rabin advised Begin to stick to the peace treaty—but to wait a month or two to see what crystallized in Egypt.

For his part, despite four years of Israeli-Egyptian diplomacy, Mubarak is relatively unknown in Jerusalem. But he and his chief adviser, Gamal el-Hani of the foreign ministry, have been acutely aware of Egyptian isolation. In a rare interview with an Israeli correspondent last year, Mubarak stressed the importance of "helping the Palestinian problem ease and for all so that we can face together our real enemies." He was apparently referring to the Soviet Union.

The strongest hint of a possible change in the course of events, however, came from Beirut. In any other place but the Lebanese capital the howling of machine-guns, artillery and rockets would have signaled an outbreak of war. But it has become the typical method of celebration, and the deafening gunfire that lasted for three days after Sadat's death reflected the Arab world's initial reaction: jubilation that the man deemed a "traitor" was dead. Eighteen people were injured during the "festivities." But so the impact of the stunning strike set in, Arab leaders began worrying about the life or death of "Sadatism," the term now being used to describe any Arab co-operation with Israel.

Heavy behind-the-scenes diplomacy concerning "the options" has been going on for three months. And at week's end there were signs that Sadat's death might just offset the badly needed excuse to make the peace talks—and Egyptian—more acceptable to the Arab world through carefully coordinated policy shifts. Every party, except perhaps the Sept government, has something to gain. The Reagan administration is beginning to realize—with the recent announcement that 120,000 more Israelis are to be established

in the occupied West Bank—just how difficult it will be to find a solution to the great problem of the Camp David second Palestinian autonomy. The majority of Arab states, too, would like to see not only a way out of the Palestinian nightmare and a return of Riggel to the Arab fold. As it happens, an alternative to Camp David—the eight-point peace plan announced in August by Saudi Crown Prince Fahd, is conveniently to land. For that matter, it is widely believed that the PLO peace plan did not appear out of the blue. It may, in fact, have had Washington's approval as well as that of the ruler and a number of key Arab states.

Two factors make the plan a strong contender as an alternative to Camp David. First, Mubarak is likely to be less antagonistic about the Carter formula and more susceptible to outside Arab pressure. Secondly, the U.S. government is reportedly deeply concerned about the consequences of the future surrounding the Camp David terms, and its own perceived preference for the Jewish state. Reagan's administration "leniency" toward Israel—over its bombing of the Iraqi nuclear reactor and of southern Lebanon—has carried a stiff price tag. During the past month, even close allies such as Kuwait, Jordan and Saudi Arabia have had some harsh words to say about the U.S. In fact, Kuwait's response to recent proposals of aid programs to be routed under the "strategic consensus" umbrella, was to establish relations with Moscow and call on other Gulf states to follow suit. However, the main who, in particular, will have to bear the political and strategic costs of these—along, quite possibly, with the martyr's crown of his predecessor—is said to be the unexpected. "My life is a series of surprises," Mubarak says. "Whenever I get invited in a job and feel I am doing something important, life takes me to another step. There is something in that remark of an assassin abroad and of a man who has become used to accepting the burdens of statecraft—both aspects of Mubarak's background that last week came in for comment. Late Sadat, once known as the "poet" of his nation, Nasser, Mubarak has been written of as a person. Cairo with all that open ended but "I feel like a brand of anti-Sovietism" (Mubarak) but there is no doubt that Sadat thought he was choosing a potential successor when he named Mubarak a vice-president. "I need a man who will share with me state responsibility at all levels," he said. "No one can foresee the future and state secrets must not be known by one person alone." This was in 1975—and in the intervening years Sadat clearly had been thinking about how to change his opinion.

A brave, skilled, easy-going (except when it comes to punctuality) military man, Mubarak was born in the same Nile Delta province as Sadat. Like Sadat, he chose the soldier's road to power, graduating from Egypt's Military Academy in 1958. After honing his skills at the Air Force Academy he was assigned to Moscow for advanced flight training on Il-28s and Il-29s in the Far East Army group in 1962. For Prince, the elite general staff college in Moscow. Back in Egypt, he moved swiftly upward through the air force, becoming commander-in-chief and deputy war minister in 1975, when he went with Sadat to Moscow to arrange delivery of the sophisticated weapons, notably SAM-6 missiles, which the Egyptians were to deploy with such stunning success in the Yom Kippur War. Mubarak was always close with the Soviet Union but always been strictly professional.

"Whoever wants to be a commander should go and live there for a while," he once said, "and he will learn from the mistakes when they drink."

Since taking over the vice-presidency, Mubarak has seldom left Sadat's side, except when entrusted with definite foreign assignments. It was Mubarak who was sent to explain the Camp David peace treaty to Egypt's angry Arab neighbors, a task he accomplished with tact, and more recently, he presided over the delicate meetings that dealt with last month's crises against religious and other extremists. It was Mubarak, too, who then went to Washington to deliver to Reagan personal messages from Sadat about the positively explosive situation in Sudan and Chad and the sensitive security posture at home.

All this has left Mubarak less time for recreation. After group up field hockey, he now plays squash to keep himself fit, while trying to squeeze in time for two grown-up sons and his wife, Suzanne, in the modest suburban home which they may now have to forsake for more grandiose, official accommodations. Mubarak's new first lady, a former ballet dancer, in a noted figure in her own right. The daughter of an upper-class Egyptian father and a Welsh mother, she is studying for her master's degree in sociology at the American University in Washington. Following the example of John Sadat, she has become heavily involved with philanthropic projects, notably an inner city development scheme aimed at solving the problems of the urban poor.

Such credentials, however, would not have weighed to former U.S. president Jimmy Carter's choice that Sadat had planned to retire next year, naming Mubarak as president. Two further elements will play in his favor now that he has been reinstated into the job. He remains unimpaired by any of the rumors of rampant corruption playing about the Sadat administration, and he did not go with Sadat to Jerusalem and, therefore, is not defined in Muslim fundamentalist eyes for having entered Israeli-held holy places.

No amount of preparation could have been adequate, however, for these two stunning events that have swept the U.S. arena of an incredible world, had the quality of a machine of steel. Sadat rose, expecting to receive the homage of local guardsmen, and took a fusillade of bullets from his assassin's automatic rifles. Instantly seconds later, the dying Egyptian president was lying beneath one of his bodyguards who, heeded, and leaped to his feet, shouting "Mirza!" sweeping over the parade ground and put on his gun to protect him. All around was carnage. While Mubarak and Defense Minister Ghazala escaped injury from bullets and grenades, others near them on the presidential stand were less fortunate. Several foreign diplomats were severely injured. Capt. Bishop Amr Samir was among the 10 killed. The surprise was that Sadat's bodyguard, who had been trained bodyguards had their eyes on the skies, others were reported to have turned and fled before the financial determination of the assassins. While Sadat, in a coma, was quickly flown to the Meadi military hospital with his wife and Mubarak, it was some time before the attackers were overpowered.

The Egyptians, however, were not the only ones to be caught napping. In Washington, the White House and the



Mubarak: a finger pointed in his direction

which department were clearly manifested about developments. A full hour after the three major TV networks and Reuters news agency had announced Sadat's death, the official line was still that his wounds were not life threatening. Eventually, Reagan, along with other leaders around the world, issued a joint statement of condolence with the Egyptian people.

Back in Egypt, a team of 10 doctors had fought in an attempt to revive their president, then issued a terse bulletin of facts. The Egyptian press reported that he had received six wounds: one in the neck, two in the chest and three in the legs. Mubarak, meanwhile, having, named in public to a historic ministerial cabinet, was seen in the family's riverside Cairo mansion, now before parliament to break the news. "The foreign business party-boyed," he said tearfully. "My feelings choke as I mourn the harm of war and peace."

The showman who was a loner

He had always been a showman—a master of the inspired gesture and the volubly public relations face. And when the first shots were fired from the armoured vehicle looking past the reviewing stand in Cairo, onlookers ignored them. They seemed to be part of the extravaganza he offered himself each Oct. 6 to commemorate the abortive resistance of his 1973 offensive. Rising from his seat to greet his messengers of death, Mubarak and Anwar el-Sadat died as he had lived—one of the world's most complex and contested political heroes.

"I was always seeking to be something big," he once said. But he succumbed to these desires. Hated as he was, he changed course. The face of Egypt but the Middle East, he forged himself a star turn on history's stage as the statesman of earnestness and uncommon courage. In the process, he wiped out the generations of Arab-elitist blood feud with the tragic fate of his dramatic pilgrimage to Jerusalem. He basked in the plaudits it won him, from canonization by the West to the Nobel Peace Prize, and he shrugged off death threats from his implacable fellow Arabs as insignificant. Karamat el-Sadat, he believed, was a head-and-tail on his right side. It is, in the end, the ostentatious apron after missed destiny's cue, his exit was as resonant with tragic irony as his life.

Geared down by the very army on which he based his power, lured as a statesman of peace by a head-on collision in assassination and violence, he died as a strong man who had imposed his charismatic and sometimes autocratic personality on the world for a decade after his arrival in office with the reputation of a weakling and a fool.

Sadat's long, unlikely journey to



power began in the impoverished Nile Delta village of Mir el-Dokki. It was place to which he often returned to entice the inhabitants' shambles peasant values. Born on Christmas Day, 1918, one of 13 children of a humble government health clerk and an Orthodox Coptic mother, he was admitted to the elite Royal Military Academy when King Fouad opened it to the lower classes in 1936. But if the army gave him his career, his fierce hatred of Egypt's British occupiers shaped his sense of mission. The man admitted for his conviction toward Israel was, in fact, imprisoned in 1942 as a Nazi collaborator. That 18-month detention moulded the self-control and secretive loner.

Sadat emerged from Cairo's Central Prison as a terrorist behind whose often bold, but restrained by the secret officers' cell pledged to overthrow Farouk, and, in 1948, he was jailed for participating in the assassination of a former finance minister. Politics only came later, when for almost 30 years he wrote, as Anwar el-Sadat's student, dismissed as a disaffected lunk, Nasser allowed him only vague powers, including the editorship of the daily al-Qawmiah, where his paucity of editorial praise included one to Adolf Hitler, his beyond here. But by 1970, when Nasser's personal had disintegrated

As arrangements were made for his succession, Mubarak's chief objective was to convince Egypt's allies that its foreign policy goals would remain the same, and the series of statements were issued to that effect. There were also words of reassurance about Egypt's stability. But the Muslim fundamentalists' two-day gun battle with security forces in Egypt, while world statesmen flooded into Cairo for the funeral, reminded Egypt's allies just how brittle that stability might prove. Indeed, Egypt could not help but be a drastically different landscape, without the national and national personality who a virtual one-man show. As the new balance year opened, his nation faced the future, still held in thrall by his fading shadow.

David North with Emma Sherry in Cairo. Robert Wright on Cairo. Eric Schar in Jerusalem. Michael Palmer in Washington and Robert McDonald in Paris.

virtually all the nation's reserves, Sadat remained a cunning survivor who had retained his ambition to win the presidency. When a fatal heart attack propelled Sadat into the shoes of Ali Kasa (The Root), his ambitions were no lightly assumed that a CIA report gave him only six weeks in office. Instead, his single-handedly reversed Nasser's revolution. Shaking Egypt's focus from East to West, turning it back to its increasing pan-Arabism and leaving the state-consumer economy. After a lifetime of fighting the British, Sadat promptly set about wooing the Americans, who proved reluctant partners. Even after the explosion of Egypt's Soviet advisers, Henry Kissinger admitted scolding him as a "buffoon." Four years later, he sold his captured diplomatic with his brand of "electronic shock diplomacy" that the eyes of the entire West, united with disbelieving ears as he 25-minute Egyptian fight set down at Tel Aviv's Ben-Gurion International Airport to launch his "secret mission."

Such tricks lay in foreign policy, however, served only to mask the domestic chaos of a poor administrator, and Egyptian's emotional ties with him were at bottom surprisingly thin. Moreover, his second wife Anwar's birth control and women's liberation campaign fanned the fury of his Muslim fundamentalist opponents. In the end, if answers thought he was losing his grip with last month's draconian purge and his irrational rage at gross incompetence later, they could only shake one of his closest associates. "No one ever saw his real face."

Within Anwar's circle, there is a role wandering aimlessly in search of a hero, his predecessor, Nasser, once wrote with vigor and a singular vision, Anwar Sadat tried to fill that part. It finally, mastery of it somehow eluded him, his passing leaves the Middle East's stage echoing with a terrible emptiness. —MARK McDONALD



Clark in the Caucasus: far off the doom and gloom, however, no clear alternative has emerged in the minds of the unlikely

CANADA

That old sinking feeling...

By Ian Anderson

"Keep your personal dignity and quit before they pull your skin to the bone." That advice was to Joe Clark by a Vancouver open-line caller. A summer's campaigning through church basements and country clubs, a humiliating endorsement of his constitutional position by the Supreme Court, the Gallup poll showing he could win the next election have done nothing for Joe Clark in the eyes of his fellow Conservatives. A forthcoming poll conducted for Montreal's *Globe* and *Star* after the Supreme Court deemed Pierre Trudeau's constitutional initiatives legal but constitution-breaking, shows that discontent with Clark has risen sharply since the people who will determine his future. Just over 41 per cent of those party activists nominated to February's annual meeting want the leadership thrown open to a convention. Equally ominous for the man who was for nine brief months Canada's youngest prime minister, of those 11 per cent who reject a convention now, only two out of three would actually support Clark for the party leadership.

So though in the poll's measure of the Tory heartbeat (700 activists were questioned by telephone) that the room for error is marginal. A twin poll also conducted for *Maclean's* and *Globe* by the Carleton University School of Journalism forecast accurately that 34 per cent of the delegates to the February

meeting would vote to review the leadership of their troubled party.

Here are the other salient points from the *Maclean's* poll:

- Against all advice from Clark's senior strategists, 47 per cent of the activists believe the party must march to the left in order to broaden its electoral appeal, and eventually pay only lip service to the title "Progressive" Conservatives that John Diefenbaker vowed to counter the party's Bay Street image. This figure has jumped some points since February, a fact attributable to the party's broad endorsement of Ron-ald Reagan's presidency. Just 20 per cent echo Clark's view that the Tories must emphasize social policies.

- Support for Clark has dropped in all regions of the country, but nowhere is the fall more dramatic than in his native West. His support among western delegates has also plummeted, despite his unprecedented efforts to widen their role in the party hierarchy.
- Of those 66 per cent of the delegates who opposed a leadership review in February, 25 per cent have changed their minds and would now vote for a leadership convention.
- For all the doom and gloom, however, no clear alternative to Clark has emerged in the minds of the faithful. Such potential successors as Brian Mulroney, Peter Lougheed and John Crosbie can boast of support only in their home regions. Clark leads all potential opponents by wide margins both nationally and regionally.

- While 61 per cent of the activists think the Supreme Court decision strengthened their party's position on the constitution, only in Quebec is the constitution perceived as an important election issue. Across the nation, 70 per cent of Tory activists consider the economy the outstanding major issue.

Clark has suffered much seeming inconsistency throughout his turbulent five years as Conservative leader. Now, only one delegate among the 700 polled believes that party leadership would be the major issue in an early election. And, asked to rate potential leaders on a scale of 100 in terms of "effectiveness" as politicians, Clark finished third, one point behind John Crosbie's 73, but well behind Lougheed's 83. The poll indicates a frustrated party still searching for a winning formula, a fountain of perpetual victory. "When one person becomes the disastrophile (with Clark) is less on the street than in the party," says a punked John Bosley, the Toronto star whose loyalty to Clark makes him something of a maverick in the Conservative caucus. "It is as if the unhappiness about the deficit took a price and a half to materialize. That is the only way I can see it."

His support for Clark is unequivocal. But Bosley may be excused for some reports. At the September caucus meeting that endorsed Clark's leadership, 17 of the 25 Torys who spoke questioned whether he should continue, according to insiders. Another prominent Tory notes that Clark gets almost no support

from his own political operatives—at least he has lost most of them. At least his key positions remain unaltered—chief of staff, national director, director of policy, communications and research. Other key positions have gone to political novices, because few veterans are willing to join the Clark bandwagon. The party has had to hire an executive search firm after several "leakage" parties bugged off when asked to join the bandwagon staff.

Avoided the turmoil, Clark has put the same bold face on a bad situation that he did through the dark days of 1977 when his popularity in the polls hit rock bottom. In Montreal last month, the party's national executive backed his leadership "unanimously"—or at least until the next scheduled vote on a leadership review in the spring of 1983. In

what became a series of General Patton-like aspersions, Clark later told *The Calgary Herald*. "It's got to be clear that people who asked the leader to attack the party, I'm not going to resign and I am not calling a leadership convention in any circumstance. The leadership question is behind us."

Other militants may yet have something to say about that, but for the moment there is no clear successor, although the poll showed there are only regional contenders to the throne. If a convention were called now, Mulrooney would get about 30 per cent of Quebec's vote, but only eight per cent in Ontario and five per cent in the West. Crosbie would garner about 18 per cent in Atlantic Canada, almost nothing in Quebec, and six per cent in Ontario and the West. Laughheed would get about 15 per

cent of the West's votes and a surprising 12 per cent of Ontario's—roughly double what Ontario Premier Bill Davis could manage at home. Clark could attract 47 per cent of Quebec's votes, 67 per cent in the West, but an embarrassing 26 per cent in Ontario.

Laughheed's support in Ontario is centred among the right-wing activists who formed the 12 review committee to oust Clark in February. With Reagan so popular with the party—nearly 36 per cent saying he has done well—the Alberta premier might well find it worth his while to play in the deepest blue fringes of the party. "Get a look out of that," laughs one senior Tory. "After Laughheed arriving at a convention as an airforce [Pacific Western Airlines] his government bought and saying he'd like to move the country further to the right." But with his settlement of the oil pricing dispute last month, and with the pivotal role he could play in a "moderate" in the constitutional debate, Laughheed's national profile could easily brighten. Already he seems to be keenly interested in the job, remarking recently to *The Edmonton Journal* that he holds no ambition for Clark's job, but might just be available were the need arise again.

For the moment Clark appears safe from any public attack. No major competitor will risk playing Brown or, in Tory lingo, Dallas Camp, the current party president who publicly told Laughheed he should resign in a leadership convention. Crosbie, according to one estimate, has decided to "lead his jets" and wait for the situation to clear. But few missed the surface silence. Mulrooney has been widening his contacts throughout the party. Even so, Premier Laughheed was flying to Montreal to start the peace-making process with Ottawa. David Crosbie was finishing up his French lessons after a summer of meeting western Tories.

At Dallas Camp's second terms party, Tory officials discussed the leadership and agreed there must be a change—but a sensible one. Clark, meanwhile, was shuffling the critics' jobs among his caucus and dealing Crosbie and Crosbie out of their former positions of prominence. Among some Tories, that seemed like a good idea—until Clark publicly announced that this small purge had demonstrated his toughness.

Back in High River, Clark's bench has some takers in the Alberta foothills, the school-leaver has taken a \$40,000-a-year school offer from him. With the party's anfangmug mood and with the shadow of John Turner as Liberal leader darkening Tory feelings about the future, the Quebec issue will be the school leaver's last political achievements of Clark or those that are yet to come? ☐



Mulrooney, Laughheed and Crosbie, among the few who Clark has the same bold face

Maclean's Global Poll

1. Would you give Clark a leadership review?

	Yes	No	Ref. g.d.	Not sure
Quebec	69/31	29/71	10/80	10/90
Ont.	52/48	48/52	10/80	10/90

2. Leadership review by region?

	Yes	Ref. g.d.	No	Ref. g.d.
Quebec	68/32	32/68	29/71	71/29
Ont.	54/46	46/54	10/90	10/90
The West	59/41	41/59	12/88	22/78

(Unweighted and not a major regional concern)

3. Most effective leader

	Yes	No
Clark	25/75	75/25
Crosbie	29/71	71/29
Laughheed	5/95	95/5
David Brown	7/93	93/7

4. What effect did the Supreme Court recent case judgement have on the party's opposition to federal jurisdiction?

	Increased	Decreased
Unweighted	21/79	79/21
West	36/64	64/36
East	10/90	90/10

5. How did provinces react to the court decision?

	Yes	No
Quebec	25/75	75/25
Ont.	18/82	82/18
West	10/90	90/10

6. How do you feel about the court decision?

	Yes	No
Quebec	25/75	75/25
Ont.	18/82	82/18
West	10/90	90/10

Who will join the parade and who will rain on it?



Trudeau and Thatcher in Melbourne, Bennett (below) disagrees and a break from cross-Pacific distance, no formal commitments but she wants to do it soon

Difference alone goes far to explain why Prime Trudeau and British Columbia Premier Bill Bennett found it hard to come to terms last week. Separated by the international dateline, they could hardly agree on what day it was, much less vices to wait for new constitutional talks. But even after settling on a dinner date at Trudeau's house, they were still divided by a misunderstanding wider than any ocean, each believed his side had won the Supreme Court judgment on the Trudeau constitutional resolution and that he could force the other into giving ground.

For Trudeau in Australia, the point was clear that his plan is less and that he can now dispense with provincial approval. He would meet the premiers again, if they chose, but he would book as delay in the first parliamentary debate on the package. "I'm still talking of hours and days, not weeks and months," the prime minister declared. For Bennett in Canada, as spokesman for the eight opposing premiers, the judgment meant confirmation that provincial consent is needed for constitutional amendments

affecting provincial powers—as a matter of tradition, though not of law. "It's not like some sleepy contract in buying or selling a used car where you look for loopholes," said Bennett. "We're talking about a country, the spirit of a country, and the way constitutions are developed."

Bennett was doing more than just putting his best foot forward. He had in mind his meeting with Trudeau's just before the Supreme Court brought down its decision, when the two speculated what they would do with various possible verdicts. At one point in that Sept. 30 talk, assuming for a moment the court would strike down Trudeau's charter of rights, they discussed gutting the constitution with

an amending formula and leaving the charter to be added later with federal-provincial agreement. Federal officials saw that as a possible response in case Ottawa should lose the court case. Four days later, the court ruled the plan legal—but a breach of convention.

Bennett interpreted the decision as a law for Ottawa, and he believed that the premiers should make good on that option by pressing it on Trudeau in Ottawa, however—and among the officials who followed Trudeau from Seoul to Melbourne and back through Fiji last week—there was only a determination to carry the constitutional project to completion following their legal victory. One reason for haste was to put pressure on the premiers either to join the federal parade in London or to show the country that consensus was impossible. But there were other reasons, including the danger that a loss of momentum now would permit mischief to spread among Liberal back-benchers. Already, in fact, a few Quebec stars are speaking out against unilateral action. Unless Bennett could convince Trudeau that negotiations were essential—and would generate results Trudeau could tolerate, including the right to charter undamaged—a federal-provincial rapprochement looked as unlikely as ever.

Amid the cross-Pacific clamour, Trudeau could at least take satisfaction from his constitutional talk with Britain's Margaret Thatcher in Melbourne. The two agreed—as they had a year ago when Trudeau first thought the resolution was on its way to London—that



Trudeau would restrain his post-meeting statements by Westminster in their jointly issued statement, Trudeau left strong for the measure up to Thatcher, who made no formal commitments for fear of trading on British MP's dignity. Trudeau requested, however, that Thatcher had made it clear in their meeting that "he wanted to deal with it soon, and as effectively as possible." Meanwhile, Bennett was arguing that Trudeau would slow down once he was subjected to Canadian public opinion. But the constitutional dispute has always been a conflict between politicians, never between a government and its people. —JOHN HAY with files from Melburn City and Robert Leves



Barbican: all and get the only burning issues

Nova Scotia

None for the money, one for the show

Nova Scotia's New Democrats are not sure whether to laugh or cry after last week's provincial election. The voters knocked them out of their generation-old stronghold of industrial Cape Breton but handed the party its first foothold on the mainland. "It's a sad day," said James (Bud) McKelcher, after losing in Cape Breton Centre. With only one seat, the NDP is no longer an official party and it will have to clear out its provincially funded offices. But party leader Alexa McDonough had at least won in Halifax-Chebroctouche.

The fortunes of the NDP were the most significant upshot of the election, which tidal-waved Progressive Conservative Premier John Buchanan 19 minutes to the bridge. All of Buchanan's 19 ministers were also re-elected, and the party grabbed 37 of Nova Scotia's 52 seats. For his part, Liberal leader Stanley Crompton marauded throughout the campaign that Buchanan called the election two years earlier than necessary so that he could increase taxes astronomically in an attempt to rescue a debt-ridden treasury. But, in an election local newspapers described as having "no burning issues," and "Delville," the voters opted for Buchanan's optimistic view of

the economic future, crystallized in the promise of offshore oil and gas. In the end, they gave him 47 per cent of the popular vote along with three seats from the Liberals, leaving that party with only 15.

The NDP took its cheer from the election of McDougall, 37, a former social worker, daughter of anti-Bushfire CCF honorary Lloyd Shaw and the first woman to be elected as a provincial—or federal—party leader in Canada. Not only did she win by a convincing margin personally, but her man-oriented campaign helped raise the party's popular vote to 18 per cent from 15—and as high as 22 per cent in metro Halifax, outstripping the Liberals.

But the jolt came from Cape Breton, where both NDP members were defeated. Len Armstrong, who lost in Cape Breton North, was accused that he refused to be interviewed. McKelcher took his downfall more philosophically. "I feel somewhat bitter about Buddy's loss," said McDougall. "But I don't think there is any doubt that the riding was fought out from under him. People were told they would get more by being on the government side."

The old CCF had once forced the provincial opposition on the strength of its mixed support. But pundits in Nova Scotia—ironically or not—have habitually dismissed a rift between the working-class support in the north and the professionals in the Halifax-Durhamston region. When McDougall replaced Cape Bretoner Jeremy Akerman as party leader last year it was thought that was a leader who was both a woman and a woman might eliminate the Cape Bretoners' only vote. Not only that, the party had

defused an unpleasant fight in expelling MLA Paul MacEwan (Cape Breton Nova) a year ago when his outright denial of patronage, among other things, conflicted with party policy. But the expulsion brought MacEwan, noted for his constituency work, some public sympathy. And last week he was as an independent.

Still, although McDougall now in the house the defeat of her recent attempts to strengthen the party, the vote was hardly a death knell for the NDP. The party has lost in Cape Breton before. This time, both candidates received respectable support at the polls, but the Tories did an exceptional job of getting out their vote.

McDougall's support across the province may now deflect local speculation away from the perennial obsession with a possible Cape Breton-Halifax split. But her next task, of turning diluted support into elected MPs, will not be easy. By not holding on to its two seats, the party has lost all provincial funding, not only for offices, but for researchers and even for McDougall's \$30,000 salary as party leader. Other provinces have changed the rules and granted the NDP with funding on the basis of a 10-per-cent popular vote. In Alberta, where party leader Grant Notley is the only New Democrat in the legislature, the NDP has even been given official status as a party. But so far Buchanan has chosen not to waive the technicality. Doubtless, he sees someone in standing the deck to benefit an opponent—especially one as tentative and unsettling as McDougall appears to be.

—MICHAEL CLAGGTON

McDougall: a lonely win but hardly a death knell



WORLD

Human faces in the world club



Nothing quite matches the passion of human tragedies and the intricately diverse leadership as was found under one roof—belatedly—in the sunny lounge—at the 28th Commonwealth Conference that ended in Melbourne last week. There was a Pagan hereditary chief who played golf and won his case for a law to guarantee access to the riches under the sea. There was a Nigerian poet from Bagdad who rose at 4 a.m. to chant Rastafarian hymns, no doubt seeking solace for his starving nation of 90 million. There was self-styled Comrade Maurice Bishop of Grenada, whose Revolutionary Government leads the only Commonwealth country without a parliament. There were black Africans preaching liberation for the continent while their neoparty states squashed opponents at home. There was even a New Zealander campaigning for re-election next month on "McDougallism."

Rarely assuming a latent racism, New Zealand Prime Minister Robert Muldoon, threatened to turn his defense of athletes competitors with South African teams into the major controversy of the eight-day conference. But on the final day, the other leaders soundly rejected Muldoon's attempt to have his position entered in the official record—after the fifty PM had left early for home. That was a rebuff of sorts for Muldoon's smugly denunciation of a posthumous Melbourne Declaration—the conference's official communiqué—and his patronizing of black leaders. Pierre Trudeau joined the unanimous chorus against Muldoon, telling the final closed session that the New Zealand's document should be merely consigned to the archives. As far

Trudeau at conference session (above) with Tanzania's Nyerere (below)

They came to Melbourne from 41 nations—presidents, prime ministers and tribal chiefs—representing a quarter of the globe's population. And in their own inimitable ways they symbolized the abysmal depression that many of them had left temporarily behind. Roughly 800 million of their people earn less than \$200 a year. They have come out of African jails to win wars of independence, but still their babies die of malaria because the dispensaries have no medication. In the Caribbean, a 10-minute storm can wipe out an island's main crop, yet relief is often tied to political ideology. In such tiny South Pacific islands as Vanuatu, the markets are too small to justify local industries, yet the price of imports overwhelms household budgets. In Asia and Africa, immiseration and coups are facts of life, along with the menacing presence of the superpowers.



the first 7,000-word declaration. Trotski admitted he had not read it.

He did not miss much for the first time since his death officially declared independence in Rhodesia, there was no burning Commonwealth flag. The grand symbol of progress, Prime Minister Robert Mugabe of the black-majority state of Zimbabwe, was greeted warmly in his first visit to the club. But no amount of fog at the welcome—also extended for the first time to Botswana and Vanuatu—could conceal the animosity, as the newscast had it, of a growing enmity among the peoples

of the world.

Nigeria in a case in point. Nearly every citizen laid a relative in the bloody civil war over Biafra. Fully 70 per cent of the 80 million people still live on the land and the cost of importing food runs to more than \$2 billion per year. Yet with oil revenues of more than \$50 billion a year and an army of 140,000, Nigeria in black Africa's compass giant and enforcer. In 1978, the country returned to civilian government after 13 years of military rule. Not surprisingly, President Shehu Shagari named the Commonwealth that it is,

faute de deal promptly with Africa's staggering problems, the French Revolution will look like a picnic.

The status reports from other Commonwealth heads are equally depressing. In Uganda last year, coffee revenues of \$250 million produced the only hard-currency earnings, and the loss for oil and gas was \$10 million. President Milton Obote did not attend the Melbourne talks, perhaps mindful that the last time he did, he was ousted by a man named Idi Amin in India, with the largest Commonwealth population (60 million), almost half as destitute. In Tanzania, the political grandfather of the continent, Julius Nyerere admitted: "We haven't attained our goals. I thought 20 years would be enough to build socialism."

Several conservative governments that have gained power in Commonwealth countries in recent years criticized black African leaders for blaming their problems on others. Singapore's Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew—"Harry" to his friends—warned the Africans to look beyond their dehumanization drive to the equally dehumanizing problems of industrialization and making the right kind of friends. Margaret Thatcher of Britain joined in with observations that nations to trouble need to pull themselves up by their own bootstraps. Harvard-trained Edmund Sangs of Jamaica, who defeated Socialist Michael Manley, noted the importance of aid, but declared: "The developing world needs to stop groping in the shadows of colonial history for solutions based on the cry that somebody owes us a living." The polarization extended to such trouble spots as Poland and Afghanistan. Specific mention of the two countries was deleted from a draft communiqué calling for self-determination, at the expense of offending leaders such as Manley and Sangs.

There was no failure of heart, however, on the matter of the North-South dialogue. The leaders issued a unanimous call for the reduction of trade barriers that inhibit less developed countries from exporting to the rich—although Canada already inaugurated with quotas on Third World textile products. Looking toward next week's special summit in Cancun, Mexico, the Commonwealth endorsed global negotiations at the United Nations aimed at transferring wealth and resources to less favored lands. A chief target of the statement was U.S. President Ronald Reagan, who has given the proposal only grudging acknowledgment. There is no doubt, Trotski declared pointedly, that Reagan "has a great sense of the need and the feeling of the African people. But it's also important that [in Cancun] he gets a sense of the feelings and the mood of the

people of the world."

A similar bold tone was adopted in discussing Namibia. On the question of independence for the South African colony, the conference endorsed the United Nations' effort to arrange for free elections and a new constitution. Britain and Canada, as members of a five-nation Western contact group, managed to persuade black African states to hold their fire until a 15-year mission they would make free proposals aimed at independence for the black majority. The conference cited South Africa's apartheid policies as the core problem on the continent.

But there were no similar ringing declarations about the sorry state of human rights in the Commonwealth. Fully half the member states violate personal freedoms by detaining people without trials, suppressing the opposition and the press and, in some cases, by using terrorism. But the conference decided not to release a report on the matter and shifted the hot potato to ministers of justice. Clearly, no-one wanted to face inquiries, including Australia, which discriminates against its black Aborigines, and Canada, which has a tarnished record on native rights. Asked if he was embarrassed by a demonstration by Canadian Indians at the conference, Trudeau said he didn't know they were in Melbourne and asked ironically, "Did they have a good time?"

The conference struck several accords for the right reason, too. The leaders backed a call from South Pacific island states for a resumption of negotiations on a treaty to guarantee access to undersea resources—again derided by the Reagan administration. They also reiterated their determination to discourage troops in their countries from hosting negotiations with South African athletes. Trudeau and lost Malcolm Fraser leading the way with specific pledges, the conference also endorsed a shift in aid to the poorest countries and an increased emphasis on food.

Trotski intervened on most agenda items. He led off the debate on Namibia-South African issues, held a series of private talks with counterparts from all corners of the globe and even managed to take regular exercise at a local health club. The prime minister also exhibited surprise with set-piece speeches and, after Zimbabwe's Mugabe dined as far as 10 minutes, he suggested that the next speakers keep their remarks brief. It was when Tom Adams of Barbados singled Canada out for special praise as a leading Caribbean aid-giver, Trudeau did not blush from recognition. He promptly suggested, amid gales of laughter, that Adams pro-Chadism was not based on the facts.

—RONALD LEWIS

Greece

Waiting for Sunday's poll

It is clearly the most closely watched political battle that Greece has seen in 20 years. A month-long campaign that will end with a general election on Sunday has roused the attention of Greek voters. It also promises to produce a notably sensational climax. In spite of a late reversal, Prime Minister George Rallis and his governing New

Democracy party—"New Democracy for permanent democracy," as the party slogan goes—was in real danger of being ousted by the Opposition Patriotic Socialist Movement (PASOK).

Public opinion polls gave PASOK an absolute majority in advance of the vote. And when television covered the visit Andreas Papandreu to the camp, his speeches could be clearly heard on the streets of Athens because so many sets tuned in to his addresses. In front of crowds reaching 200,000, Papandreu regularly advised the government for mismanagement of the economy, neglect of hospitals and schools, and for subverting the country's foreign



Rallis campaigning (above) and Maniatis a satirical sensation/ climax



policy at the behest of the United States and NATO. In reply, Rallis, a mild-mannered Athens lawyer, painted a risk-red—although there is an independent Communist party, the KKE—and warned that its policy toward NATO is adversarial.

The communist sensation was especially potent because it evoked memories of the Greek civil war, which followed the defeat of the Germans in 1945 and during which a Moscow-inspired take-over was narrowly averted. But with inflation running at 25 per cent last year, and with the government jacked after two years in office, Papandreu's calls for moderation appear to have found voters in a responsive mood. For one thing, 80,000 students completed last year for a meagre 16,000 university places, causing discontent at virtually all social levels. Says a 40-year-old bank manager: "I wouldn't even mind losing half if I could save

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View from the threshold of power

Andreas Papandreu, Greek socialist party leader and possibly the country's most powerful figure after the month's elections, has come under severe fire at home and abroad for his intention to take Greece out of NATO. His attitude in the presence of U.S. bases on Greek soil has also attracted criticism. In an exclusive interview with *Maclean's*, Papandreu's counterpart, Josephine Stouris last week, he explained his stance.

Maclean's: Why are you so critical of Greece's membership in NATO?

Papandreu: There is history, there are elements. The most important, of course, is the 1967 military coup, which was carried out on the basis of a NATO plan called *Protektorat*. It is difficult to forget that NATO imposed and sustained for quite a while a military dictatorship in Greece. Second, we had the invasion of Cyprus in 1974. NATO's willingness to ignore the situation was so blatant that even Karamanlis, a pro-NATO man, felt it necessary to pull Greece out of the alliance. Then there's the agreement known as the Rogers plan, under which Greece returned to NATO. When the question arose as to whether to join the alliance of the Atlantic, NATO's answer was that the line is west of the one that existed in 1974. Where, exactly, was not specified. This makes it extremely difficult for the Greek to act farrow.

Maclean's: What about the government's argument that if Greece pulls out of NATO, the U.S. would fill the gap and increase arms in Turkey?

Papandreu: The argument loses much of its weight because this is what is happening now. NATO is in a position in the U.S. and West Germany, have been rapidly arming Turkey and organizing its military. Recent agreements between the U.S. and Turkey provide for the development of a new industry that would in five years be able to export arms.

Maclean's: Do you intend to withdraw from NATO?

Papandreu: Our commitment is that the Rogers agreement will be discussed in parliament and decided if we have a majority government. In the meantime, I'm sure there will be extensive consultation.

Maclean's: What could make you change your position as NATO?

Papandreu: Here and when we sever ties with the military wing of NATO we do with the strength of our national defense and what is going on internationally. The situation in the Middle East, for instance, could make it inevitable in the Middle East. I would not want to add to that.

Maclean's: This brings us to the U.S. bases. What do you plan next there? **Papandreu:** First—and this is unconditional—we would remove from Greece any nuclear warheads. We would at the same time ask the leaders of the Balkan countries of Romania, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria to do the same. Second, we would begin negotiations with the U.S. on a timetable for the removal of the bases. There is a lot of flexibility here.

Maclean's: You have said that a NATO government will not give a contract of land, sea or air to Turkey. Why do you think you will be more successful than

my children in desert schools?" **Papandreu's** biggest coup to date, however, has been the recruitment of veteran combat and pro-Western former foreign minister George Mavros as a likely candidate for defense or foreign minister. As well as attracting the votes of Mavros' legislators, Papandreu also hopes to please sympathetic liberals who still fear that a farang government would sever Greece's ties with the West.

If PANDREU wins, it will end much to Papandreu—the Harvard-trained economist who found asylum in Toronto



Papandreu (center) surrounded by supporters: his chances looked good

the current Greek government is doing with Ankara.

Papandreu: For the simple reason that we make things clear. Ever since 1974, the Greek government has acted as if there were benefits in making concessions, and they have made many. I believe that what your sovereignty is threatened and you make concessions, all you do is give incentives for new concessions. We are desperately unhappy that we have any issue with Turkey. The two peoples can and should live in peace. But of course Greece will not give up its land.

Maclean's: How would you solve the Cyprus problem?

Papandreu: The so-called negotiations between the Turkish and Greek communities are irrelevant. The first step would be to implement the United Nations resolutions. These means foreign armies were the idea. Then, under Turkish supervision, we develop a Magna Carta, a constitution to provide full guarantees of protection for the minority. ☐

led up with pollution, overcrowding and noise. Many would like to return to a quieter life elsewhere than they currently have to look to crowded villages that lack schools, jobs and hospitals. As a result, various plans for decentralization and regional autonomy struck many as a sensible—rather than a radical—approach. In addition, PANDREU's policy of giving real people and their basic concerns, such as women's rights. More than 50 per cent of voters are women, and actress Melina Mercouri, fighting to retain her seat in Parliament, has a good chance of a cabinet post in the event of a PANDREU victory.

The Moscow-aligned KKE, arguably Greece's most doctrinaire Communist party, is unlikely to achieve its declared aim of 17 per cent of the vote. Nevertheless, a performance like that of 1977, when it collected close to 10 per cent, could well give the party the balance of power. Unlike France's President François Mitterrand, however, Papandreu has rejected the idea of post-election partnership with the Communists. President Karamanlis—who, apart from the Colosini era, has single-handedly dominated Greek politics for close to 30 years—might have to direct the horse trading over formation of a coalition, or decide to demand for a second election. As loudspeakers blared and banners spanned the streets in the downtown centres and suburbs of Athens, however, the feeling grew that the October day was about to set on the farms that have governed Greece in various guises for more than half a century.

—JACQUELINE SWARTZ and
MICHAEL SAPIROSKY

United States

The pipeline clears a hurdle

FOR backers of the Alaska Highway gas pipeline, the decision was the first glimpse of hope in a four-year history of setbacks and cross-border wrangling. Last week, President Ronald Reagan proposed a package of legislative amendments designed to break the logjam in private funding for the pipeline—funding that has become crucial if the \$40-billion venture is to be saved from collapse. In Ottawa, officials waved enthusiastically on hearing the news. Senator Bud Olson, the Indian minister responsible for the project, welcomed the decision, as did pipeline commissioner Mitchell Sharp. Still, although Reagan's gesture went some distance toward dispelling the uncertainty that has been growing between Washington and Ottawa in recent months,

there remained serious doubts that the plan would be passed by Congress. As one influential member of the House commerce and energy committee told *Maclean's*, "The president is going to have to fight like hell if he wants to get this package through."

The Reagan plan contains several answers to terms set for the construction project when President Jimmy Carter chose it over competing proposals in 1977. The most controversial exception involves "precommitment bidding," which would mean bids in the gas rates paid by U.S. consumers to buy out American financiers in the event

that the section of the project they are backing—there will be several 18- to 24-section—was completed while work on the others is stalled. So far, U.S. companies have sunk \$500 million in the project. But as a result of high interest rates and tight money, they haven't been able to arrange more financing. Reagan hopes the advance bidding scheme will lead the nervous bankers to loosen their purse strings. The arrangement would also help assuage Canadian fears that the U.S. portions of the pipeline will never be built.

However, opponents of the scheme, led by the chairman of the energy committee, John D. Dingell, say it is "disastrous" that consumers should take the financial risks for the pipeline while big business reaps the profits. Critics point to another answer that would permit the three oil companies—Exxon, Atlantic Richfield and Standard Oil (Ohio)—that own the 26 trillion cubic feet of natural gas at Prudhoe Bay, Alaska, to buy 50 per cent of the pipeline in return for investing in the project. As well, opponents object to a third waiver that would prevent the passage of environmental review laws that might increase the pipeline's cost.

But the worst problem that the Reagan plan faces is smouldering anti-Canadian sentiment among congressmen. The House energy committee is the same committee that has vehemently opposed Trudeau's national energy policy. As Danny Rogers, who drew up the waivers proposal, told *Maclean's*, "It's common gossip that the House will link the pipeline waivers to other aspects of Canadian-American relations. There is nothing that the White House can do about that." —WILLIAM LUTHER



Pipeline construction, Sharp (left) with Olson: seeing the first glimpse of hope



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BUSINESS

Bobbling VW's ball



VW's little light military vehicle: Assemblage in Ottawa and outings in Quebec

Volkswagen Canada Ltd. (VW) President Bruce Rubens thought he was soon to be a happy man. His corporate masters in Wolfsburg, West Germany, were simply waiting for the final word from Canada's federal government before approving construction of a \$100-million parts plant in Barrie, Ont. It would bring a \$19.2-million grant from Ontario and allow duty-free imports of cars and light trucks into Canada—a \$25-million annual saving for Volkswagen. But the deal announced last week almost foundered on the heels of federal financing, Treasury and Commerce Minister Herb Gray in April. Rather than receive fiscal adjustments, the 1,500-job deal, recalls Rubens, was suddenly "in dire

danger" of being axed.

Until then things had been following a course discussed since Volkswagen opened its first U.S. assembly plant in 1958—a plan for a parts plant in Canada. The U.S.-Canada auto pact would give the plant's goods duty-free access to the United States, the weak Canadian dollar would help reduce labor costs and the scheme could be used to win concessions from job-hungry Canadian governments. Ontario offered to offset start-up costs and Ottawa said it was open to the idea of dropping import tariff barriers.

With these undertakings, Volkswagen began looking at 25 possible sites and spent \$1.5 million to whittle the choices down to a possible-to-be-located site

plant, owned by Hoyer-Dana Ltd. in Barrie, Ont., and 100 graded acres in Cambridge, Ont. When VW went to Gray's office last spring, Rubens recalls, "We knew where every light bulb would go."

But the tariff deal was going sour and Gray told VW to start again by looking at sites in higher unemployment areas. Officials from the department of regional economic expansion (DREE) were suddenly included in meetings and they actively promoted Montreal in return for new financial incentives. The German task force reluctantly jettisoned its Canada (this time at the Canadian government's expense) to see a (6000-selected site in Montreal. Instead of carrying out a promised one-month study, the German group pronounced it uncomfortable within a few days and returned home.

But then had roared hopes in Quebec. Rubens, seeing this, blew the dust off a year-old project—sales of the Volkswagen-designed four-wheel drive Bitts to the Canadian Armed Forces through Montreal-based Bombardier Inc. As a result, Gray was able to announce the transfer of 110 design and manufacturing rights to Bombardier when he officially broke the news about the Barrie plant last week.

But that hope wasn't enough to stop the criticism. Quebec industry and Commerce Minister Rodriguez Barra said the Bitts deal was minor in comparison to the Barrie plant. The deal has also left its mark in Germany. Says Rubens, "A lot of people are shaking their heads in Wolfsburg." —IAN ALLEN

'A mild form of blackmail'

The dispute had been as protracted as it was bitter. For four years, General Dynamics Corp. of St. Louis, Mo., had skirmished with the Quebec government in an effort to build on its 54-per-cent ownership of Aerotech Corp., the province's second-largest asbestos producer. But last week, Jacques Parizeau, Quebec's 33-year minister, delivered an ultimatum that seemed certain to settle the affair in the government's favor. Last Friday he announced that the Montreal-based company would be expropriated by Nov 30 unless General Dynamics agreed to a reasonable purchase price for the 25 million shares.

The move was immediately denounced by officials in the mining industry as "a mild form of blackmail." But the charges did not bother the pugnacious Parizeau. In fact, he confessed that the company had little choice but to come to terms with the province since there were no alternatives to avoiding expropriation. And his appraisal of the situation was borne out when General Dynamics announced itself confident that "reasonable negotiations" can take place.

If an agreement is reached, it will mark the decision of plans first made known by Premier René Lévesque's administration in 1977. At that time, it determined that a take-over was necessary if a larger share of the raw fibre extracted in the province was to be transformed into manufactured products. The goal was to raise the amount to 10 per cent from three per cent of the

1.5 million tons mined annually. By mid-1980, after the plant, an asset Dynamis launched a concerted campaign of resistance. When Quebec offered \$12 a share to the U.S. company, it countered with an asking price of \$200 a share. Then, in 1979, the government passed legislation that required it to appropriate General Dynamics' holdings in much the same fashion as Saskatchewan nationalized its potash in 1976.

General Dynamics lost its fight in the courts last year, making it only a matter of time before Parizeau played his hand. He noted the price would be approximately \$12 a share. And despite charges by the U.S. state department that the move was an act of economic aggression, Parizeau seemed content to be one step closer to achieving the 10-per-cent rallying cry. Motive shown. —

A bitter strike ends bitterly

The mood at union headquarters was curiously anticlimactic. A series of phone calls from local polling stations had confirmed a 10-1 vote in favor of ending a 12-week strike by 3,500 Cape Breton coal miners. But if the 50-per-cent pay increase over two years constituted a victory, no one was celebrating. Audrey MacDonald, recording secretary for Local 480, was leaving a reporter from the *United Mine Workers Journal* who had just arrived from his Washington, D.C., office. Chided MacDonald: "You never give us any help when we needed it. Why bother to show up now?" In the next room, District President Ray Holland had the look of a first-time father in a maternity ward: relieved but still queasy.

Holland had ample reason to be anxious. In office less than a year, he led Cape Breton miners on their first strike in 34 years. At times during the strike by the United Mine Workers of America (U.M.W.) against the Cape Breton Development Corp. (Devco), it was unclear who was leading whom. The miners' three times rejected contracts that Holland had recommended. And because the international union has no strike fund, the miners muddled along by breaking away from their U.S.-run parent. To top things off, demonstrations by a militant group of miners' wives made the union establishment's management seem tranquil.

There was no disconsolence, however, as



what the strike was all about. How much is a coal miner worth? The previous contract provided a basic underground workers' wage of \$9.64 per day with no sick leave, no dental plan and limited health insurance. At the same time, jobs in the mines are still considered to be among the world's most dangerous occupations. For decades, miners had little choice but to accept low wages

The 1968 coin version of rail was locomotives from coal to diesel fuel sent; the industry into a precipitous decline. The 1973 Arab oil embargo brought the first real hope of an industry turnaround. Devco, originally set up to phase out coal mining in Cape Breton, began opening new mines. The previously owned Nova Scotia Power Corp. (NSPC) began converting from costly imported oil to labor-intensive Cape Breton coal. And Nova Scotians began crowding about the return of King Coal. Then the miners began to demand a share of the

Anderson (left) with Ray White, Nancy Thomas, Devco, pickleball block car.

promised prosperity.

Devco maintained that it could not improve on the pre-strike offer of 30 per cent over two years. The company claimed that it was stymied by a five-year contract with rail, which locked coal prices at \$42 a tonne compared with \$80 a tonne obtainable from foreign buyers.

As negotiations dragged, Holland fought a renege-guard action led by way Glace Bay housewife Julie Anderson. Her husband, Roy, made less in his job at No. 58 colliery than the town's garbage truck drivers. On a local phone-in radio show, the upset miners' wives had to pressure their husbands back to work. "We didn't want them to go back for less wages," she said. Eventually, her efforts led to the creation of a wives' association, which raised money to buy scribbles and pencils for schoolchildren, baby formula and toilet articles. But the effort was not only sweetness and solidarity. The group vowed Holland as too eager to settle.

Local 2008 President Dennis MacRae, the only elected official to side openly with the wives, had also favored rejection, but he hoped an open discussion would win more. "There was a lack of communication when the strike started," he says, "but Holland has come a long way since then." As for Holland, he is already looking forward to next June's district election, when he is certain to face stiff opposition. "If anybody beats me," he vows, "they won't get it as a gift."

—FARROW BURNS DUNHAM

The autumn of our discontent

Continuation of the federal government's restrictive monetary policies ground some five million Canadians last week for a fall-term assault on high interest rates. The explosives were provided by the release of September's housing unemployment statistics. You see, the statistics who had been closely forecasting a gradual rise in unemployment were surprised by the sudden one-month jump of 1.2 per cent. September's seasonally adjusted jobless rate rocketed to 9.2 per cent of the nation's work force—at 891,000 people. It is the second-highest level in history. "We have all been expecting the current federal program of tight money to cause unemployment levels—after all, that's what it does best," says Toronto Dominion Bank Senior Vice-President Douglas Peters. "These figures, however, are

worse than we expected," he added.

Hardest hit were Quebec and the Atlantic provinces, especially Newfoundland, where the disappearance of 9,000 jobs due to layoffs and closures in the mining and fish-processing industries pushed unemployment to 17.8 per cent. Even Alberta shot up by half a percentage point to a relatively low 3.6 per cent. The figures—coupled with such middle-class preoccupations as mortgage foreclosures and business failures, along with farm protests—got added pressure on Prime Minister A.G. MacRae to provide relief in his forthcoming budget.

In fact, interest rates have begun to ease somewhat. The Bank of Canada rate last week fell to 15.50 per cent—a drop of one-third of one per cent. And by the world standards, Canada's unemployment rate, even with the latest jump, is about the same as that in the United States and France, and well below Britain's and Italy's. The comparison, however, may get lost in the shouting and the stagnant sounds of anti-inflation ahead.

AP/WIDE WORLD



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Horsman, Rose on trial: an entrenched, callow disregard for civil liberties

TELEVISION

Don't rock the horsemen

A broadside on the RCMP uncovers Canadian complacency

ON GUARD FORTHER
CBC, Oct. 18, 22, Nov. 1

Donald Brittain uses style to mix viewers into siding with his point of view, but often this involved in so reading we have trouble getting our bearings. The *Most Dangerous Spy*, the first segment of his three-hour broadside on the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, starts off deceptively, looking like an old-fashioned documentary with newsreel footage of Maclean's King and the war effort. But as the dogmatic tale of Igor Gouzenko, the Ottawa cipher clerk whose defection was a major factor in handing the '50s spy scare, starts to unfold, the screen taken on the 'armament, darkly tinted of late-40s film noir. It's a pleasure to see such handsome black-and-white cinematography on television, and the use of actors to depict the principals of the drama, challenging recreation of the author's world of spies. Alongside, Brittain pulls away to that CBC specialty, tight close-ups of old documents reemerging from the vintage point of the comfy, present present. He develops the tension between the minds of the emerging Red Menace—a world in which the blacks and whites everyone staunchly believed in faded into a nearly nightmare of suspicion and fear—and the bright, bureaucratic world of today. We are brought up to the espionage trials of Commissioner MP Fred Rose and numerous others in 1946 Canada's first spate of hysteria was over, but the implications is that through the darkest days of the "Red" Cold War are behind us, its perils and

recklessness may return.

This first hour of *On Guard for These* is virtually an overture, receding a time when massive espionage systems—laws unto themselves—were set in motion and the "Christian West," in Maclean's King's words, began to reject its heritage of civil liberties. But in *A Blink of an Eye*, the second installment, Brittain takes a broader view by looking in on the RCMP and uncovering the fallout damaged for civil rights among Canadians from the Winnipeg General Strike in 1919 through the invocation of the War Measures Act in 1950. Included are tales of Bolshevik-baiting on the Prairies during the Depression, exposed Herbert Morrison's records and the death of Ambassador John Wadsworth during interrogation. By the end, he is sparse with Pierre Elliott Trudeau as he abrogated the civil rights of the populace, 80 per cent of whom approved an action.

The third episode, *Shadow of a Horseman* (not ready at publication time), continues the allegations through the time of the McDonald commission. Brittain's essay—and warning—is set as apology for the left but an indictment of Canadians' penchant for not rocking the boat. In the United States—born of revolution—the debate during the McCarthy era was so loud and dissenting precisely because rights are so entrenched. *On Guard for These* is timely viewing as the debate continues about its inspiration and amendment of a document in which every right ostensibly granted seems to conceal its own piece of fudge.

—BILL MACVIE



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TOURISM BRITISH COLUMBIA
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Invasion of the Smurfs

"I don't like dolls, I just like Smurfs," stresses five-year-old Sara Zippin, who has been collecting the blue-and-white plastic gnomes since she was 3½. To date, she has amassed 100 Smurf figurines, not to mention Smurf plushies, books, Smurf stamps, a Smurf record and plush Smurfs that range in size from hand-held beanbags to her prized Erection Papa Smurf. On Halloween, Zippin

will cruise her Toronto neighborhood wearing the Smurf costume her father had made for her. "I'm surprised she hasn't turned into a Smurf," says Sara's mother, Mimi.

The object of Sara Zippin's fascination is a 58-year-old phenomenon that was created by Belgian artist Pierre (Peyo) Collard as Schtroumpfs (which means "whatchamacallit" in Loebese) in 1958. Italians call them Puffi, Ger-

mans had them as Schtroups and in Holland they are simply Smurfen. The Smurf onslaught in Canada began in Quebec and has been spreading westward since 1976, on wallpaper, waterbeds, pillow cases, pens, rubber boots, jeans, pajamas, glasses, rubber stamps, poppets and \$1.99 plastic figurines in 325 assorted characters from Big Smurf to a Smurf eared.

"In Canada, Smurf's outfit Smurps," says Doug Pike, national sales manager for Galt Brothers Toys Ltd., which distributes 40 Smurf-related products. Still, distributors and retailers are at a loss to explain what makes Smurfs lovable. "Next year the Smurfs will probably be a big winner, but she's only as hot," admits Pike. Yet the blue-skinned, button-nosed and droopy-eyed Smurfs appeal to adults as well as children. "I bought myself one that has a 'true-blue friend' T-shirt," admits Suzanne Mariani, who appears the Smurf during at Smurf's in downtown Toronto. "but I don't know why I wanted a Smurf."

Like the nylon-haired Trolls of the '80s, Smurfs have consumers checking all the way to the cash register. Saturday morning television advertising in



Zippin: from stamps to Halloween gear

dominated by Smurfs and last month NBC-TV introduced an hour-long cartoon show guaranteed to reinforce Smurfmania. About a dozen new Smurf figurines, including a Smurf Claus Smurf, are being introduced this fall to feed the habit of collectors like Sara Zippin.

"Word was out that they'd died down last May," says Nancy Ross, owner of the Creative Toy Store in Toronto. But when Ross put her remaining figurines on sale "they sold like crazy." Ross doesn't find Smurfs particularly endearing. "At best they are overpriced, odd little critters that don't do very much except sit there," she says. Demanded, however, outweighs criticism. Right now "I guess I'll be Smurfing right through Christmas."

—MARSHA BOULTON



The spruce budworm and other insects, diseases and fire destroy millions of dollars worth of forest every year. The forest belongs largely to the people of Canada, so this destruction takes money directly from your pocket.

This creature eats your money

For every two trees used to make pulp and paper, another one is killed by insects, disease or fire.

Unchecked, the spruce budworm and other insects could be a threat to a vital renewable resource. Forests grow slowly. Trees scheduled to be harvested in the next 30 or 40 years are already growing in the forest. Uncontrolled losses of this precious timber must be kept to a minimum.

Unplanned and wasteful destruction by insects can be controlled through such measures as judicious spraying to keep trees alive, and eventually, the genetic development of new breeds of trees that will be more resistant to attack.



"We've had when we were in 1947," say foresters in charge of forest fires. In 1980, fires destroyed an area of forest in west Canada that was harvested by the forest industry in all of Canada.

Rather than dealing with disasters as they strike, modern forest management calls for more active prevention, long term funding for programs to



Each year, export sales of pulp and paper bring over \$1,000 per Canadian family to the national economy. It is worth protecting this source of income from damage by insects, fire and disease.

protect our forests, and research and development in the control of insects and disease.

Canada owns 90% of the nation's forest through their governments, which collect rent for the land the forest industry leases and payment for the wood harvested. This revenue, added to taxes paid by the industry and its employees, contributes some three billion dollars to government budgets annually.



Silviculturists are breeding new strains of trees that will grow faster and better while resisting attack from forest insects and disease. Investment in our forests today will reward our grandchildren.

Economists predict that world demand for pulp and paper will double in the next generation. To share in meeting those needs, Canada must increase its forest yield. One way is to cut our losses to insects, disease and fire. And investment in forest protection is also an investment in jobs, in Canada, the forest industry creates one job in ten.

To learn more, write for our publication "Forests for the Future", Dept. M3, Public Information Services, Canadian Pulp and Paper Association, 2300 Sun Life Building, Montreal, Quebec, H3B 2X0.

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As a magazine industry we know that our audience is a little more demanding. The quality of our magazines makes that possible.



For the record

TIN CAN ALLEY
Jack DeJohnette's Special Edition
(JGM/WCA)

Drummer Jack DeJohnette's emergence as an important group leader takes a great leap with *Tin Can Alley*. Although he was the rhythmic driver behind some of the brightest jazz enterprises of the '60s, from Charles Lloyd's classic *In Russia to Miles Davis' Live/Evil*, DeJohnette chose to turn music on the "Tin," working with young players in varied but quite modest settings. Now, the strategy is paying off, the intersection of *Tin Can Alley* is ideal and the promise of DeJohnette's eclectic approach in helping the delivery stage. The title track and *Buff Red* are head-burnin' duels between saxophonists Chano Freeman and John Pernell, while *The Girl Got Me* is a solo percussion experiment which rises to a dense, explosive climax. A rare extended piece piece by DeJohnette, *Paul's Rhapsody*, displays Special Edition as a great band of soloists as well with lyrics as they are with wild marching. The album ends inconspicuously with a joke-voiced, *I Know*, a cute bit of focus with the



Boys: splendid skill, misplaced passion

Punkadelic borders DeJohnette's tortured 10 years ago

SOCIAL STUDIES
Curtis May
(JGM/WCA)

Best known as a very funny and often eccentric avant-garde band leader and composer, Curtis May explores a way the smooth anomaly of *Social Studies* by calling it "my classical album." Which is misleading nonsense because this is her latest record, a display of splendid skill and misplaced passion (labeled on

drum), unfashionable music. The three-part *Reactionary Tango* could have been concocted as a soundtrack for a Fellini or Bresson film, where the fantasists display their rock instincts as a nightclub. *Unbeknownst* is rooted in these perfect, ugly march ballads composed by Ennio Morricone for Clint Eastwood westerns. And *False Structure* has the music for a circus trapeze act in its own right. What is astonishing about *Social Studies* assembled grotesques is that May has wrong on each chosen from them through her deft arranging and the heartful playing of her 20-piece ensemble.

MY FOUNDATION
James Cotton
(A&M/Trend)

After to relapse to kid competition to harmonica great Sonny Boy Williamson, James Cotton straddles into the ballroom halls of the blues and nailed his place to the wall as Muddy Waters' star harp player during the late '50s and early '60s. Since 1965, however, Cotton has travelled a journeyman's route as band leader, producing wild club rock and blues albums. The group assembled for *My Foundation* has lots of juke but there is not nearly enough of Cotton's harp, and his voice is far too dry for such demanding classics as *Don't My Dream* and *Killing Floor*.—BART THOMAS



Marijuana: not an innocuous drug

BEHAVIOR

Beating the reefer habit

When the curious North York 12-year-old began to experiment with marijuana, he smoked occasionally with friends. Three years later, however, he was spending as much as \$15 a day on the drug. "I'm not proud to say that I was dealing to support my habit," he recalls. The youth's staircase took a turn for the worse when his mother, fed up with his unemployment, threw him out of the house. He dropped out of school and worked at a succession of menial jobs. But after repeated attempts to give up marijuana on his own, he gradually sank into a heavier dependency. "You just don't realize the state you're in," he says. "You're addicted—psychologically anyway." Starting this month, however, he will find peer support in a new program for marijuana abusers, *Straight Ahead*, which will operate two groups, one in Toronto and the other in Ottawa.

Ran by Don Smyth, a drug abuse consultant, *Straight Ahead* is modeled on New York's *Hot Smokers Anonymous*, which reports a 90 per cent success rate. Although Smyth's group members are not required to undergo gut-wrenching testimonials, they do discuss their problems, undergo emotional counseling and share the rehabilitation experiences of a former abuser who is now drug-free. "Hope is the essential ingredient," explains Smyth.

The program comes in the debate over the hazards of smoking pot in reaching a fevered pitch, leaving many

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candle in the darkness. While the study of gifted children flourishes, many educators, psychologists and parents are still groping to define the group. Some subscribe to the narrow view that giftedness, which occurs in an estimated three per cent of the population, is simply dazzling academic achievement—the ability to think conceptually, or solve abstract puzzles. Yet others fear such talented youth will populate the plant with too many computer freaks and too few Peasees. Edward de Bono, director of the Cambridge Cognitive Research Trust in England, proposes viewing exceptional ability through a wider lens. Says de Bono: "Intelligence is composed of sensitivity, courage, perceptiveness and so much more."

Meanwhile, the IQ debate still rages. University of Manchester educator Joan Freeman argues that IQ tests are good achievement indicators but should never be taken as a sole measure of a child's abilities. The tests stress verbal dexterity, not wisdom, fail to judge social and emotional competence and the mysterious process of creativity. Nor do they unearth the forgotten, bright kids who had from culturally disadvantaged homes. In a recent study of more than 200 English children, Freeman found that youngsters measured as intellectually gifted by the nonverbal Binet-Simon Intelligence test, which measures spatial and conceptual abilities with the use of geometric shapes, attained a much higher achievement level on the widely used Stanford-Binet IQ test, which evaluates verbal and math skills, if their homes were educationally superior.

Overachieving intellect's role in giftedness sits the anchors of a common debate: can parents mold a prodigy if they haven't had the good fortune to bear one? While experts agree that parents should not harbor unrealistic expectations—today's kidnap targeted man is not necessarily tomorrow's Karen Kane—they do believe that at least 20 per cent of a child's abilities can be nurtured. "And that 20 per cent," says Joan Freeman, "makes all the difference between success and failure in life." Arguing that the genetic component of intelligence still remains undefined, Albert Jacquard, a French geneticist, says: "A living being is an interaction of input from his genes and his environment. A gene alone is a word without a sentence, its meaning roots



Lawson with her children, studying teacher and legislator sympathy for bright kids' hardships



Bergeron: provincial signs of support

through discourse and grammar." Or, as John MacLeod, director of the University of Saskatchewan's Institute of Child Guidance and Development, puts it, "Mozart may have been writing concertos at age 4, but it didn't hurt that his parents had a piano either."

Transforming bright kids into the glowing lightbulb, they should be is no simple task. Ontario parent activist Lucien, a housewife, has reared four bright kids (two can boast 155+ IQs) who have been educated at private, public and separate schools. She remembers the day she picked two-year-old David—already reading, writing and computing basic math—off to nursery school. A mere half-day of "billy games" later, he returned and begged to quit. Recalls Lucien: "I had a two-year-old dropout on my hands."

Lucien's experience is not unusual. According to a 1978-79 Canadian Education Association national survey, only Ontario teachers required special certification to teach gifted and talented children. But even in Ontario, actual training can be sorely inadequate, since part one of the education certificate—minimum requirement to teach the gifted—can be earned over one summer in a course that covers loosely over all exceptional qualities, one of which is giftedness. As well, certification legislation is rarely strictly enforced, for a principal, on these days of shrinking staffs, can't find a qualified teacher, he or she will simply make do with what's available. If a parent insists his offspring's rights acknowledged, finding the proper balance between personhood and prodigy often requires diplomacy and persistence. Says a mother of two gifted kids, Sandy Kreutzer: "Sometimes you just have to be pushy. Rebel parents are afraid of parents who know what they're talking about."

So far, opportunities like the Claude Watson School for the Arts remain rare but greatly appreciated offerings for the gifted. "It was the Taj Mahal," says the school's principal, Neil Johnson, "let's not put dance and visual arts studies" adds Lucien. "In answer to whether life is improving for the gifted, I can only offer a qualified yes." But only a month later Grade 5, Lucien's aptitude is far from qualified. "This place makes me feel right at home." (Byline from Catherine Reid and Bruce Wright)

Hidden in the moody green hills of Ireland, fiddle-maker Michael O'Brien makes magic. Fiddles that are as light and magical as an Irish jig.

It's from people like Michael O'Brien that some of the finest expressions of Irish craft and character come forth. Each original, each born of a passion unique to the Irish.

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Electronically speaking

A Montreal engineer is developing a better voice synthesizer

At the 1988 World's Fair in New York, the Real Telephone Company revealed for the first time an electronic voice apparatus. Called the Vo-coder, the organ-like instrument was cumbersome and the operator had to pump a pedal to make a sound. But even though voice synthesizers have become more sophisticated over the years, researchers have yet to resolve two problems: the slow reproduction of sounds and the choppy, monotone speech. Now, a professor of engineering at McGill University in Montreal, David Pfeiffer, is developing a microprocessor-based voice synthesizer that promises to correct both deficiencies. If Pfeiffer is successful, his "voice box" should be on the market by next fall, providing a new voice for the more than 4,000 Canadians who have lost their larynxes to diseases like cancer.

Synthesizers, or sound imitators, work by creating a series of phonemes, or units of speech (such as "p" for the letter "p"). The operator must then key

in the sounds required to make a word, and string the words together to make a sentence—a time-consuming method that restricts the "speaker" to a preset vocabulary. Pfeiffer's synthesizer, however, is more like a manual instrument than an electronic device. Instead of typing phonemes, the user "plays" them out by sliding his fingers along a paperback-size pad. This allows him to feel out the finger combinations and movements necessary to produce words. Pfeiffer claims many people have been able to reproduce all the vowels within 30 minutes. "It's like learning to play the guitar," he notes. "You can learn the chords without having to take lessons."

Moreover, by varying finger pressure, the user can produce inflections and thus individualize his speech. Because the synthesizer's sound reproductions resemble human speech more closely, Pfeiffer's instrument also has commercial applications: computer telephone answering services could em-



Pfeiffer and pad: like playing a guitar

play the synthesizer to give up-to-date stock market reports, sports scores and transportation timetables. But more important to bilingual Canadians like Canada, the synthesizer's ability to imitate accents lets it "speak" many languages. —MICHAEL KAZENEL

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HEALTH

The return of the house call

After several days with a moderate fever, six-year-old Darcy Olson began to feel worse, and his temperature shot up to a dangerous 60°C (103°F). His panicky mother was in a quandary: should she try to squeeze into her family doctor's office suite in, or risk a lengthy wait in a hospital emergency ward? Evelyn Olson did neither. Instead, needing a nurse she had seen in the *Winnipeg Free Press*, she phoned *Every 24 Hour Medical Dispatch*. In less than an hour a doctor was at her door, befriending her shy son and diagnosing his tonsillitis. Says Olson: "I tell people now, 'Look, please listen, they're wonderful!'"

The doctors Olson praises belong to Winnipeg's first medical home visit service, which is staffed by general practitioners and is completely covered by Manitoba health insurance. After only a year of operation, co-founders Dr. Ian Prakash, 46, and Dr. Christopher Kewy, 33, have seen so many patients—more than 3,000—that they have expanded their staff to a dozen doctors and are planning to open similar services in Calgary and Edmonton. In establishing Kewy, Prakash and Kewy are resurrecting the long-lost medical practice of the house call. Says

Resurrecting an old medical art



Lost Wax:

Jet engine blades from a 6,000 year-old technique.

Long before the Pyramids, ancient craftsmen used a method called the "lost wax" process to produce bronze, silver and gold objects of astonishing detail.

Very simply, a wax carving was covered with clay and baked. The wax was melted, or "lost," leaving a perfect mold.

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So we perfected a process that forces the metal to reject all but one crystal as it hardens in the mold, forming finished blades from one incredibly strong single crystal of metal.

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Imported Paarl Brandy. One good brandy has led to another.

NEXT TIME TRY
IMPORTED
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Ervey. "Some doctors expressed fears that we'd steal their patients."

Prakob. "It became apparent to us when we worked in emergency that about 50 per cent of the patients truly didn't need to be there, yet we knew it was essential for them to see a doctor."

Unsure of the reception they would get from patients, Prakob and Ervey at first began making house calls on a limited basis, from 8 to 11 p.m. Now, however, their practice is restricted to house visits and they have launched an information campaign to familiarize doctors and patients with their service. "I'd say about 50 per cent of Winnipeggers haven't heard of us yet," estimates Ervey, who points out that patients as well as doctors will benefit from the house call service because it will ease the average 60- to 90-hour weeks physicians usually work.

In the beginning, the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Manitoba worried that the service would divert emergency cases from hospitals. "We reversed the service for three months," says Dr. James Martin, the college's registrar, "and we're satisfied that they did not attempt to treat critically ill patients at home."

Yet many doctors will view the service with a jaundiced eye. Says Ervey: "Some doctors expressed fears that we'd steal their patients." Winnipegger Pearl Shaw, however, dismisses this concern. "The doctor who looked at my husband came to reassure him and asked him to see his own doctor the next day for tests." The courteous professional critic, Ervey adheres to a strict code. "We see patients only once," says Prakob, "and always emphasize that they follow-up with their own physicians." —CATHERINE CARLISLE GORDON

What's your chance of getting hot water from the sun?

Pretty good, but it's expensive right now. Even in an ideal location, it would cost you at least \$2,500 to have a solar water heater installed in your home today.

But Ontario Hydro believes that solar water heating is one of the most promising ways to use the sun's energy. So we are working to improve the technology.

The biggest advantage of a solar water heater is the energy it saves. The sun heats up your water during the day and can also build up a supply for night-time use. When the solar-heated supply isn't enough the system automatically switches to your regular water heater.

Our research people have been carrying out in-depth tests of solar water heaters for the past four years. Recently they installed heaters in several homes near the research centre and are monitoring their performance and costs to see how well they work in everyday family life.

The Hydro research program is the most complete study of solar water heater systems ever undertaken in Canada and underlines Hydro's efforts to explore renewable energy possibilities. Most other studies have looked at the solar collectors only. By looking at the whole system, including pumps, controls, and storage tanks, Ontario Hydro supplies valuable help to manufacturers.

The study will also provide guidelines for future solar water heater standards to be set by the Canadian Standards Association.

Besides the actual testing and monitoring of solar water heaters, Hydro is training staff to assist the industry in site selection, installation and inspection methods.

Some 50 more test systems are being installed in homes across Ontario. Next year, if all goes well, about 700 solar water heaters will be installed across the province. By the end of 1983, it's expected

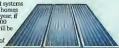
the program will represent a five million dollar investment shared equally by Ontario Hydro and the Ontario and Federal governments.

Toward the mid-eighties, it's hoped that the solar industry will start building water heaters for a market that could be as large as 5,000 a year across Ontario, which should go a long way to bringing the cost down. Also the development of practical solar water heating systems should help stimulate the Canadian solar industry in world markets.

Affordable solar water heaters could save a lot of valuable energy. So let's keep our fingers crossed. By the 1990s, who knows how many of us may be showering in water warmed by the sun.



Electricity—when you need it, we're there.



A stepped-up search for trapped oil

Enhanced recovery promises to exploit the bounty that drills and pumps leave behind

By Barry Nelson

In a hushed Calgary laboratory, researchers hunched over the computer terminals have maps showing the exact location of billions of barrels of oil lying just beneath their eyes. This bounty lies at the bottom of existing wells—just beyond reach of drills and pumps, and here at the Computer Modelling Group lab, chemists, engineers and mathematicians are pursuing a ground-breaking explanation of the frequently overlooked techniques that promise to release it. Known collectively as enhanced recovery, these processes aim to tap the trapped oil that conventional technology leaves behind, using agents that seep from chemicals to steam.

If the standard drilling, pumping and waterflooding continue to hold sway, the Alberta fields that supply about two-thirds of Canada's oil will be exhausted in less than 11 years at current rates of production. Yet according to some estimates, proven enhanced recovery methods could yield an additional \$1 billion barrels from reservoirs in Alberta and the other western provinces. Although proven enhanced recovery technology can meet the challenge, so far economic and political barriers have posed formidable obstacles. Enso Resources, for example, recently dropped plans to bring an extra 200 million barrels of oil from its Jule Creek field—the company claimed it couldn't make money on the project. But in many quarters interest is visibly rising. Blasko Oil Ltd. will pump \$50 million into seven enhanced recovery pilot projects this year—an increase from \$30 million last year, and \$10 million in 1979. The Alberta government has created a \$100 million fund for enhanced recovery research. Meanwhile, private consulting firms are seeking contracts to work on secret research for a number of major companies.

No substitute for established techniques, enhanced recovery methods are intended rather to extend the yield from a reservoir. Precisely how much

oil the newer techniques will release depends on factors ranging from the nature of the rock to the viscosity of the oil. Therefore estimates of enhancement vary widely—from eight to 50 per cent of the sought-after deposit. By contrast, the prospects for conventional methods alone are lower—five to 30 per cent.



Jones (left) and Wolf drilling for oil harvesting a second crop



efforts to extract oil from rock are fraught with pitfalls. For instance, after a reservoir has released from 10 to 15 per cent of its oil, natural pressure plummeted so low that gases contained in the oil break free. Further drilling produces not oil, but increasingly useless mixtures, among other gases. But whichever enhanced method is chosen to extend the yield, it almost always follows the classic waterflooding technique discovered more than 100 years ago. The nearly universal process for collecting a "second crop," waterflooding entails an "injection" well which pumps water to increase the pressure in a reservoir and push the oil through pores in the rock formation toward an adjacent producing well, which pumps it to the surface. Even after waterflooding, however, an average of 60 per cent of the oil remains locked by surface tension in methane of microscopic rock pores.

Enter the enhanced techniques, all aimed at thinning the oil so that more of it can flow through the pores away from the injection well and toward nearby producing wells that pump it to ground level. Detergents, alcohols, polymers and carbon dioxide are commonly used, although for the same purpose can be served by steam injection or by burning part of the oil and gas in a reservoir.

While 10 enhanced recovery methods have already succeeded in the field or in pilot projects, researchers are considering more exotic approaches. Some are hoping that genetic engineering will create bacteria to "chew tar and emulsify," in the words of one oil company official. Others speculate about microwaves, buried atomic wastes and even hydrogen bombs exploded underground as sources of heat for thermal recovery. Yet another possibility intrigues two Calgary men, petroleum geologists Edward Wolf and chemical engineer Edward Lewis Jones. They argue that the polluting waste products of natural gas processing plants—carbon dioxide, water vapor and hydrogen sulphide—could fuel a huge enhanced recovery scheme. Predicts Jones, "You



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Maclean's

could solve the pollution problem completely and maybe double the 4.5 billion barrels of recoverable oil in all the fields from the U.S. border in Utah (about 300 km to the north) by using the gas plant emissions for enhanced recovery."

But while researchers contemplate future advances, more immediate questions concern Husky Oil, which owns drilling rights to 1.6 million acres in the Lloydminster heavy oil field and small holdings in Athabasca and Cold Lake. Conventional production unlocks at most six per cent of the total oil from such fields, and waterflooding wrings out no more than 1.5 per cent more. "We hope to increase recovery to 20 to 40 per cent with a mix of enhanced recovery methods," explains Husky Senior Vice-President Robert Ragby.

Yet Ragby insists that only hefty pre-tax profits on the recovered oil (from \$20 to \$30 per barrel) can make enhanced recovery attractive to producers. And he estimates that for the 50,000 barrels conventionally produced daily at Lloydminster, the company is now collecting about a third of that amount. Enhanced recovery is a costly business, oil company officials insist, requiring not only the materials injected into wells, but also the drilling of extra wells, the extensive testing of core samples and, for each reservoir, computer analysis of prospective recovery methods. The new Alberta oil pricing agreement has addressed the question of how to allow for these variances—but it has yet to spell out the specifics. "The incentive is still not big enough," claims Husky's Ragby, president of its Resource Engineering Ltd., which prepared a report for the Independent Petroleum Association of Canada to submit to the National Energy Board.

A further difficulty also lingers: since enhanced recovery methods are applied before primary depletion of reservoir pressure and waterflooding have finished their work, no one knows exactly how much of the oil produced by any well is due to the enhancement techniques and how much would have been produced anyway. Canada has yet to work out a system ensuring that conventionally produced oil is not sold at enhanced recovery rates. Although these complexities will not be quickly resolved, one incentive continues to spur exploration—in Alberta alone there are at least 10 billion barrels of choice crude oil that cannot be brought to the surface with conventional methods. Meanwhile, the new energy policy, by promising close to world prices for oil, seems likely to reawaken the "enhanced recovery" from the realm of fantasy. As Ragby puts it, "We're talking billions for the oil companies." ♦



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Triumph by gesture

RAGGEDY MAN
Directed by Jack Fisk

By turns lyrical and terrifying, *Raggedy Man* is an sweet and lively movie as Stacy Spaeck's performance is it. Spaeck plays Rita, a switchboard operator "trapped" to her job, with two sons to rear in a small Texas town in 1964. Everyone keeps telling her she must make sacrifices—there's a war after all—but Rita says she wants to "situate myself in a better situation." A divorced woman, she's considered an easy mark for two red-necks who twist her kids and want to get at her. A reprieve from this anxiety when a general, lately sailor (Eric Roberts in a fine performance) knocks at her door one night and stays for a few days. The town talks, and when he leaves the audience waits apprehensively for the two red-necks to make their move.

But Rita has a guardian angel—a "raggedy man" with a disfigured face (Rae Shupard) who watches over the house at night. The music is frail and doesn't quite pay off at the end, otherwise, *Raggedy Man* is as watchable as the wonder on a child's face. Directed by Spaeck's husband, Jack Fisk, a former set designer who did the splendid work for *Passions* of the *Parade*, among others, the movie has a placid, delicate sense of time and place. Above all,

Fisk's camera adores his wife and seldom has an object of affection been so worthy.

Despite the accolades she received for *Cool World's Daughter*, Spaeck was never entirely convincing as an adult. Here she parlays all her powers as an actress to belie her girlish looks. The role is a physical stretch, its strangest aspects telegraphed by gesture, dancing with a broom by herself in the middle of the day, the delight as she touches a present of a pair of eyeglasses, the way she holds her hand to her shoulder when terrified. Spaeck's Rita has the complexity and completion of a true character—as a total projection.

—LAWRENCE O'TOOLE



Spaeck: a worthy object of affection



Shadow of an old acquaintance

RICH AND FAMOUS
Directed by George Cukor

"I'm late and I'm very tired of youth and love and self-sacrifice," said Bette Davis in the back of a cab in *Old Acquaintance*, having just denied herself Gay Young so that her adopted niece could have him. *Old Acquaintance* was a great Davis vehicle. Her Kit Marlowe, a serious and struggling novelist who for years tolerates her friend, a self-centered and extraordinarily successful writer of women's romantic trash played by Miriam Hopkins, was one of Davis' staunchest, most cranking creations. *Rich and Famous*, the remake of *Old Acquaintance*, is a solid, enjoyable entertainment but it never matches the bestowing moments of the original.

This time out Jacqueline Bisset and

Candice Bergen have essayed the Davis and Hopkins roles. Lou (Bisset) is the serious one who has learned to gloss over her writer's block. Merry Noel (Bergen), who goes all the way from Texas husband-hunter to a younger version of Barbara Cartland, is the millionaires who rustle gold. The hitch is Bisset, who is to Davis what *erica* are to pearls. It's hard to take this glossier past seriously as an artist, and harder still to believe her as the "older woman", many would undergo comic torture to look as good. And her comic timing is as off the mark as a blind man with a bow and arrow. Bergen, buffing up her role from *Starting Over*, in fancy and broad as the housewife who hits pay dirt as the writer's consort.

Richard Farnsworth is salvaged by a talkative yet stingy script by Gerald Ayres, who has updated the John Van Druten play sociologically as well as chronologically. Life's dilemma is that she exists among "aggregation of hearties" whose

Bisset, Bergen, the brains are drained

well-formed flesh is more marketable than well-formed thoughts, and "serenity" is what you are when you're happy. Her affair with a young *Rolling Stone* reporter (Hart Bochner) forces her to make an emotional commitment, one she makes too late. As is always the case, the young end up in each other's arms and the older generation is left sipping flat champagne on New Year's Eve.

Directed by George Cukor (his first film since *My Fair Lady* in 1964) in his customary smooth style, *Rich and Famous* often obscures the structural problems of Ayres's script. However, the theme of enduring friendship is more motivated than barficial. And when Bisset goes in to the notion that she must copulate in order to create, suggesting to Bergen that they both take a year off to discover their bodies, you see the threat of a woman's momentary mortality. Bette Davis would have died first.

—L.O'T



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The getting of wisdom

THE REBEL ANGELS

by Robertson Davies
(Macmillan of Canada, \$16.95)

In Fyfe Burnston, Robertson Davies' most elegant novel, the main character is advised to forgive himself for being a human being, for that is the beginning of wisdom. Wisdom and its acquisition have constantly obsessed Davies, but perhaps never so much as in *The Rebel Angels*, named after two colleagues of Laetitia who felt God was being paranoiac with the stuff. Set at a Canadian college affectionately designated as Spook, this extremely designed work, using two narrators, takes the reader along the body-trapped road to wisdom, ending in wisdom, wonder and marriage. Had *The Rebel Angels* kept many of its comments to itself and not been so logotastic, it may well have been the masterpiece Davies holds in manuscript at his head.

The account of two narrators, while at times effective, is a two-handed reminder of the book's arduous, and the characters they survey are a great deal more evocative than they are elegant. The first tale-teller is 30-year-old Maria, a laundress who has Gypsy blood and a mystic, Bohemian life. She is infatuated with her professor, Blotter, a man whose scholastic zeal contrasts with his humanity. Everyone else is infatuated with Maria, including the novel's second voice, a somewhat timid person named David. David also feels the principal cause for his life is being a good teacher.

Both narrators, evasive, helped in no small way by the return of John Parlane to Spook. The most grotesque character, he is also the most interesting—apart, ironically, from Davies as a scandalous plot and an eerie grip on everyone he meets. Finally disgraced as a child, his slight nose has led him to booze, drugs, sexual weariness and finally to a monastery, from which he has just returned. Slender, but sword-armed, he begins writing an autobiographical opus in an attempt to nail wisdom from his barrelled past.

The characters in *The Rebel Angels* are said to discover "the value that lies in what is despised and rejected." Maria has Gypsy language. Blotter in his study of old-wisdom takes to this intent but employs the services of Maria's mother, a respectable, town-shuffling Gypsy who makes valuing by placing them in scenes of horse dung deposited away in his laboratory—a good guess known as Ome's. Finally devoted student burns



Davies: too much for the 15th birthday

comment to understand mankind better. Just about anyone, it seems, is looking for magic.

The novelism, evoked by a last Bohemian manuscript, lags. But the theme is tantalizing and Davies, for the most part, gives it its due. There are some lovely, hard passages: "What really shapes and conditions and makes us is somehow only a few of our own lives the courage to face, and that the only you, since were." It is those post-up, cringing children who make all the wars and all the heavens and all the art and all the beauty in life. "Would that the rest of the writing were so unapologetically provoking."

Like Parlane's, the elegant, unpolished opus, the characters in *The Rebel Angels* have a tendency to talk themselves out over too many dinners and meetings. This grants their philosophy about the reader, once interpreted, becomes wary and then hostile, whatever wisdom threatens to emerge is engulfed by mere cleverness. Rather than being revealed, the glib surplus of the characters are driven, much like Davies' experience upon the role of the writer in modern life, which are meant to drive table-folks into nighttime reading.

A further, and perhaps fatal flaw lies in the narration and character of Simon Dorothea. He is nothing less than 15th business himself. As Davies once so wonderfully explained, 15th business is some minor character in a complex plot who has a certain knowledge that opens such a plot along and will explain it later. In an open he is usually a baritone, making unexpected appearances from out of the shadows. Davies has turned him into a larger and given him some major areas of all people. Davies should have known better.

—LAWRENCE O'DRISCOLL

The man who would be queen

THE KNIFE IN MY HANDS
by Keith Maillard
(General Publishing, \$16.95)

With Maillard's first novel, *Two Shaved Men*, was a story of disabled genders. A male hair-dresser trying out as a transvestite and a female swimmer washed up by Olympic competition discovered themselves separately, via Indian shamanism, in coastal B.C. It was a baroque tale imbued with Hallowsen magic. His second novel, *After Driving South*, had a CBC producer from Vancouver reveal his roots in West Virginia and become involved in a game of venereal alcohol, but *Maillard* and a French-speaking episode on the side of a fast-moving biker. This time the style was lithe, stripped for speed—hauntingly crude last-summer prose.

With his third novel, *The Knife in My Hands*, Maillard explores another genre, the coming-of-age memoir, and takes his first stab at the delicate business of first person narrative. Unfortunately his writing lacks the muscle tone of his previous work. The first volume is a book of essays collectively titled *Difficultly at the Beginning*, it is set in Bagnby, W. Va., the name fictional town that served as the locale for *After Driving South*. Maillard, who lives in Vancouver, was born and raised in West Virginia and is careful to write in a postscript to *Knife* that he has tried to create only "the illusion of autobiography." He succeeds too well. This travelogue diary of naive adolescence in the '50s suffers from authenticity. There's not much story, just the overly familiar flux of teenage angst and noulations, and too often the characters are reduced to allusions in the glare of the narrator's introspection.

The precocious narrator, John Dugan, is 16 in *Freud* and *Nathalie* by the age of 16 and has chosen Junior Dugan as a role model. Struggling to measure up to a Berridge ideal, he tells himself



Anyone who thinks there's a difference between a drunk driver and a stoned driver could be making a grave mistake.

Several months ago, Allstate ran an ad urging for more public understanding and discussion of the states before fatalistic notice of marijuana was engraved in tablets of stone by Ottawa.

Response was explosive. Both medical Canadians and organizations expressed their views to us in the hundreds. Newspapers, radio stations and TV networks can stories about the ad and the declassification issue nationally.

We've received some constructive letters from many prominent citizens and important political figures.

The only problems, it is in raising the declassification issue for public discussion, we've also uncovered a majority, but of that being stoned shouldn't necessarily prevent a person from driving a car.

A dangerous notion that driving performance is not impaired by cannabis. But the stoned driver is therefore a perfectly fit user of the highway.

In our opinion this idea is dead wrong. But just to show we're not alone in this belief, let's look at some conclusions that other people have reached.

MARIJUANA EFFECTS ON DRIVING: AMERICAN AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION RECOMMENDATION FOR DRIVING SAFETY, 1981.

"For young drivers who are at the early phase of the lengthy learning curve which characterizes the acquisition of driving skills, the risks and consequences of driving

under the influence of marijuana are likely to be particularly severe."

THE AMERICAN ROADSCAPE FOUNDATION OF CHICAGO, 1981.

"It is now well recognized that even low doses of marijuana seriously affect driving performance, whether this is measured in a driving simulator, in a test track, or on city streets."

When these reputable, recognized, authorities say?

They have obviously concluded that marijuana can impair driving abilities.

Or in other words, that smoking grass and driving could turn out to be a potentially lethal error.

Disturbing news.

But what's even more disturbing is that the American Automobile Association 1981 study also found that "There are marijuana users who agree that it is unsafe to drive while high on marijuana but indicate that they still drive."

The article being reprinted here is clearly "driving while high is O.K. for me."

What research does it conclusively prove for conclusively disprove for that matter in whether declassification or any liberalization of the laws will actually increase the frequency of marijuana related accidents.

All we do know is that, even under our present severe laws, marijuana usage has been increasing for the past several years

This trend is expected to continue. And as you can appreciate, doctors, politicians, police, without coordination for controlling the fallout, can't help worsen the trend.

How can we resolve this dilemma? It is possible to have laws that treat cannabis use and possession in a humane fashion, but don't open the door to highway abuse.

Surely the place to start is with the monitoring and control of cannabis in and around driving situations.

We believe that with the introduction of the proposed declassification legislation, the Federal Government should negotiate with the Provincial and Territorial governments so that their authority acts will provide for additional, stronger penalties for possession of cannabis in any motor vehicle and authority for police to lay charges accordingly.

And in related activities, we suggest government support for consumer education about the issue and long term monitoring of cannabis related highway incidents.

At Allstate, we realize that it is not our business to either be in or against declassification of marijuana. That's up to the Government.

But it is our business to be neutral, avoid death and injury on the highways of Canada. In Allstate's book, to be anything less would be a grave mistake.

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against a slapdash in school track results, against the occult powers of cabalistic theology in college, and—most crucially—against the undergarments of a series of girl-friends who prove unwilling to dismantle either his ego or his virginity. Dupre is afflicted with the same jumbled sensibility as Miller's earlier characters. In fact, the author comes uncomfortably close to self-plagiarism when Dupre, precociously like the hero of *Two Striped Boys*, admits he spent puberty learning to apply "five cerebral ovals of pink on his male." As a young man he finds it easier to love a girl with the "coltish" body of a young boy.

Mailard renders his female characters with a beautiful eye for hair and skin, and any gender confusion is overcome by the sheer physicality of the novel. His prose seems to possess a li-



Mailard's automotive exuberance

bido of its own, a lush unadorned most dramatically in describing athletic competition. Each Mailard book features a race of some kind—whether running, swimming or driving—dead-end—(and as he takes the reader inside the race, inside "lungs straining like tin balloons," his writing finds its stride. From his Vancouver savings point, Mailard writes out of an American tradition that could be called automotive sentimentalism, a romantic philosophy by which the less than male is stilled in a state of permanent adolescence halfway between J.D. Salinger and Jack Kerouac.

Unfortunately this tradition is ill at ease in Dupre's world. He fails to enhance it with the kind of post-romantic he displayed in his earlier work. Mailard respects one of his special talents and leaves as with a ribbon of fine writing stretched over a barren landscape. —BRIAN D. JOHNSON

Avenging angel in the new world

FINAL DECREE

by George Jooss
(Member of the Canadian \$12 MG)

Novels about immigrants are usually so melancholy and better if it's hard to imagine that any fictional newcomers could escape the North American papermill. The literary immigrants, such as the characters of Austin Clarke's fiction, seem to face the inevitable loss of identity, homes and even sanity. In George Jooss' first novel, *Final Decree*, the central figure, Kasper Harna, suffers all the usual job-like tribulations. A simple, honest charactermaker in Toronto originally from the mountains of Romania, Kasper suddenly enters a crisis when his American-born wife, Petrona, leaves him. Petrona has been so corrupted by television ruins that she spurns Kasper's Terasan Rodex, battered blue work truck and conservative sexual tastes. Her flight in the name of liberation, however, only slugs her and Kasper into the lumber mode of divorce lawyers and judges. In manufacturing a divorce these minions of the law first declare Kasper "crazy," then proceed to seize his home and even threaten to deny him access to his shared children, Johnny and Barbara.

According to the pattern of most immigrant novels, Kasper should now be withdrawing badly. But Jooss doesn't allow this. The more the legal system hurls Kasper, the more his peasant character stiffens in defiance. As if he were back in Transylvania, he strikes against the system with a fatal murder to restore the balance of justice.

What is essential here is that Kasper has already, fed a tyranny where Communists seemed linked with poverty. He has no taste for fleeing the divorce lawyers in Toronto who are in property with the same slavery. With primitive logic, he sees the need of "saving the new country. From those who would prevent it the way they had prevented this."

Jooss takes a considerable gamble in using a simple man with simple reasoning to explore the issue. At first this strategy doesn't work. Kasper and Petrona are such tedious blinks that the plot almost dies beneath them. But the more Kasper is abused by the legal system, the more he comes alive as a character. Against the upturn of the court officials and lawyers, his unshakable persistent sense that everyone else is wrong gives him the strength of an avenging angel when the reader allows. Although he doesn't really re-

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Jonass: a moral novel that deflates the cliché of a broken immigrant

prove his own understanding, it is precisely his simplicity that makes him a credible witness to the injustice done to him. As a result, evil in the novel is not a desecrated abstraction but a complex of tangible acts suffered by an honest man.

Jonass has written an intriguing though certainly not perfect novel. Like a section of an unpublished work, the

beginning registers largely of the fascinating but awesomely irrelevant story of Kuznetsov's Uncle Harris. Later, the clumsy use of flashbacks often makes the plot structurally shaky. But, in both deflating the cliché of the broken immigrant and writing a moral novel that hinges on characters rather than on a preachy chain of ideas, Jonass has succeeded splendidly.

—JOHN AYRA

Dark chorus in a Greek tragedy

AMONG THE BELIEVERS: AN ISLAMIC JOURNEY
by Y. S. Naipaul
(Collier, \$15.95)

V.S. Naipaul's achievement as a journalist has recently been overshadowed by his fame as a novelist, although close to half of his 17 published books are works of nonfiction. Naipaul's journalism does more than bridge the creative gap between novels; it is a first-hand account of the religious, social and political forces that have shaped the contemporary history of the Third World. Naipaul examines a country through the burning glass of his intellect, and under that intense, narrow focus people and places are brightly lit before they smoulder and shrivel.

Among the Believers is a long and densely detailed record of a six-month journey through four Islamic countries—Iran, Pakistan, Malaysia and Indonesia. In these countries, which dreamed of being ruled gently by faith, Naipaul finds himself an outsider. This sense of distance serves not only because he is without religious belief and comes of a restless, colonial back-

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Naguib trapped inside a global mouque

ground—born in Trinidad to Hindu parents, Oxford educated, a British citizen—but because in modern Islamic society "nothing of the intellectual life I valued was of account."

Naguib's detachment allows him to remain dispassionate and clear-eyed, like a dark chronic in a Greek tragedy. His approach to a country follows a familiar pattern. He begins with a summary of the recent history of the place, which is usually "sense and dread." Then he talks to a cross section of local people, describing them with a novelist's flare. Finally, he immerses himself in the life of cities and villages, his antennae quivering. He classifies in his incompressible laud and rhythmic prose. Like a physician examining a patient, he uses certain key words to suggest a pathological condition: "a fever of the faith," "hysteria," and the most common complaint of all, "rage."

Wherever he goes on this Islamic journey Naguib finds societies disintegrating and he quickly identifies the cause. "This late 20th-century Islam had the flaw of its origins—the flaw that has night through Islamic history is the political union it traced it offered as political or practical solution. It offered only the faith." In Islamic countries, religious fundamentalism "begins to qualify or overlay the real world, and this is particularly true of Khomayni's Iran. Naguib underlines the paradox of Khomayni's message: "Interpreter of God's will, leader of the faithful, he expressed all the confusion of his people and made it appear like glory (this is the confusion of a people of high medieval culture switching to oil and money, a sense of power and velocity, and a knowledge of a great new exciting civilization. That civilization couldn't be mastered. It was to be rejected, at the same time it was to be defended."

Among the *Believers* may not be palatable to Muslims, but it is courageous and truthful. This is Naguib's best work of meditation since *An Arise of Damascus* (1964), his first encounter

with Islam which left him both repelled and fascinated: "I was longing for greater and greater density, more rage and faith, more bones," he wrote in *Damascus* 17 years later; he literally walked on crushed human bones "white and clean and sharp." He must surely have had his fill by now. And for all his brilliance in diagnosing society's ills, Naguib offers disappointingly few cures beyond vague generalizations like morbid preoccupations have left him trapped inside a global mouque with only, whatever for company.

—JEFFREY DE SANTANA

One man's dream, another's nuisance

MAPS AND DREAMS

by Hugh Brady
(Doubleday & McIntyre, \$20.95)

THIS is a wonderful book, so unique and quietly successful as the way of life it describes. *Maps and Dreams* breaks the conflict of interest between the "energy frontier" and the Indian hunters in northern British Co-

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Brody, Indians who dream their way

looked. With a comprehension of fact and mood that owes as much to poetry as science, it tells the story of how one reserve dealt with a government inquiry into land use, governed by the Alaska Highway pipeline. "Their response," writes Hugh Brody, who lived with the Indians for 18 months, "was to take me on a series of journeys."

They showed Brody how Indians in the corner of the company fire, they took him hunting and fishing and they took him into Fort St. John to do the laundry. He got to know them as he in the bush and drank in town. Through new rhythms of work, working, silence and sharing, Brody uncovers his own values and dreams that answers sometimes arrive in the form of radically new questions.

Brody asked the Indians to draw maps of the hunting routes. The Indians drew their circles and then explained

the importance of a dream-map: all the best hunters used to dream their way, they told him, and good dreamers are getting scarce. "Wages of heaven are thus important," they said, gently revising the nature of his request.

When the pipeline people arrived with bundles of topographical charts, the Indians scolded their dream-map. In this collision of dreamers and planners, the hunters gave evidence that they still connect their future with the land, and imagine—dream—a measure of control over it. In this regard "the Indians' maps are in the way of the white man's dream." The planners, in a tradition begun by the fur trade and pursued by the oil companies, were polite and uncomprehending. They could

try to accommodate a dying tradition all right, but they couldn't see Indians as part of a persistent economic system with its own hidden strength.

Hartley "has the kind of sensibility that would be appropriate to a people who have mastered the problems of production," wrote Marsh of Salinas in an essay, *The Original Affluent Society*. Brody queries him and agrees. Without glossing over the problems of poverty and alcoholism which exist on the reserves, Brody gives these stereotypes a context. He understands the pragmatism of dream-maps. The result is a thoughtfully written argument which, for its methodology alone, ought to be required reading for anyone not "in the field."

—MARC JACOBSON

MACLEAN'S BEST SELLER LIST

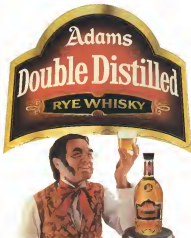
Fiction

- 1 Noble House, *Clavel* (1)
- 2 Cold, *King* (2)
- 3 The Third Deadly Sin, *Beard* (3)
- 4 God Emperor of Brazil, *Woolf* (4)
- 5 The Hotel New Hampshire, *Irving* (5)
- 6 Reddy Baran, *Alford* (6)
- 7 Gatsby Park, *Smith* (7)
- 8 The Command, *Malcolm* (8)
- 9 Goodies, *Janette*, *Robinson* (9)
- 10 Blood Upon the Waters, *Shaw* (10)

Nonfiction

- 1 The Lord God Made Them All, *Stewart* (1)
- 2 Finest Across the Border, *Burton* (2)
- 3 Invitation to a Royal Wedding, *Sexton* (3)
- 4 The Severely Ill in Det. *Moss* (4)
- 5 The Eagle's Gift, *Catena* (5)
- 6 Cosmos, *Spencer* (6)
- 7 The New Report on Male Sexuality, *Alto* (7)
- 8 Terry Fox, *His Story*, *Stewart* (8)
- 9 The Chalkboard Complex, *Davidson* (9)
- 10 Robert's Rock of the Boy, *Wolfe*, *Padua* (10)

(1) *Portrait of a Lady*



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A failure of faith, an act of conversion

Higgins and Wetherall: good news is stock out like parrots on a paperback bible

by Brian Moore
Directed by Tim Kere

The year is 1996. On the desolate island of Mull, off the west coast of Ireland, a menzogna monastery headed by Abbot O'Malley (Michael Higgins) insists on celebrating the Catholic mass in Latin, although the church adamantly promotes the vernacular. Worse, the abbot and his monks are "not for it, so much so the young Father Kneilla (Jack Wetherill) is sent from Rome to quell this ousery oven of Celtia, which threatens the impending eccumenical "Interpenetration" between Catholics and Budhizants. The stage is thus set at Edmondson's Citadel Theatre for what could have been—and indeed, in Moore's novel it is—the story of a religion adapted to a absorbing people on traditional religion in a revolutionary era.

But Moore, like the abbot, has lost faith in his own good works. Frustrated after fight he offers a roast. Kinzola in olive-drab fatigues and Fry boots is more devil's crumery than advocate, a mindless henry, utterly incapable of counterpointing O'Malley's earthy wisdom and gruff humor. The scales are further tipped by droll misreading, so that Higgins' subtle dignity is too often obscured by Wetherall's inaccuracy to

convey emotion beyond cries and sobs. Making the best of this Irish bog, director Tom Kerr dug up a few entertaining canons for the auxiliary monks, but without a deftly woven background of theme and plot they stuck out like garrets on a paperback Bible. The fastidiously flagstone setside smoothly in, out, up and down stage, patiently limbering us for their transcendental pilgrimages to Stamford, Conn., the next best venue prior to its final orientation on Broadway—God willing.

What ultimately converts the su-
dices of Catherine into unbelief is
Macon's refusal to confront the un-
iversal issues raised at the outset of
the novel. He is a man of the world,
an affluent Catholic, though lax in
faith, Jaffin has allies by reviving the
Latin mass and leading his monks in an
English "Our Father." This altogether
tragically illuminates the tension be-
tween faith and works common to all
religions. But the novel's chief
meaning, that of a struggle, returns to the
broad. After a melodramatic recollection
of his fall from grace, which had been
prompted by the sardonic commercialism
of Lourdes, O'Malley gets down on his
knees and "in the angle of the Lord
descends into the desert as a man
who has been in the desert faith-
ful." In the certain faith of the
saints, apparently, there is no end

—MANK CLEVERLY

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Central truth about Central Canada

Cities show their souls at the risk and on the field. Poor Toronto

By Allan Fotheringham

One day last week I was sitting through one of those trendy Toronto restaurants where they water the patrons with Ferner and the first plants with gre, everybody planning around to see if someone else was watching them. An important editor on a national newspaper passed to inquire, "Why are you here?" Assuming this was not an editorial jab—better answered by Samuel Beckett—it struck me as a perfect Toronto question. Such is the Central Canada infidelity, those of us who grub for a grege living on the fringes of the boardwalk are regarded as race nighting, somewhat akin to whooping maans, if caught wandering anywhere near where the decisions are made. Toronto goes toward, its eyes crossed at the novel. Because its desires do not view the Canada beyond its city limits, it is always puzzled when tourists from outside stumble through.

As astute correspondents from *The New York Times*, who has served long terms in Paris, Spain and Mexico, one day was giving me—as low as the national cultural flame, on his podium over Toronto athletic issues. It intrigued him that they were the most dreadful collections of spread backs and 31-in.-ordained garfins ever assembled—all representing this or that pile of garbage that is held up as the new Puricles. In the meanwhile, he points out, that supposedly falling giant of Montreal consistently produces baseball and hockey clubs—and occasionally football—that are models of good management, pride and performance. As a forerunner who runs his life on logic, his brain lumbles for an answer.

It's right of course Toronto Argonauts surely keep the country united because of their optimism. The seemingly Mayle Leafs, the goal of every Canadian boy with Baker's catalogue for their pads, are now a comic staple. The wear is a real caricature of a loose-

typed mascot, the general manager has serious heart problems and the former coach was just dished of changes in a fatal auto accident. The Blue Jays are baseball's answer to punch-by-a-number. The money-loving Toronto financial procer team—as tight as their name—completes as shamelessly incompetent a clutch of stumblers ever to represent one city.

The reason for all this is quite simple, as my Tourer was told. Montreal produces good teams and proud athletes

every land, have as if by osmosis been seized by the same spirit. They play during baseball, based on speed, with an idea that cannot be separated from the city of restaurants where the women go out on the streets with an air of stealing a base. (The reason the foehaling Alouettes are such a disaster this season is that they do not represent the worst of the country, being owned by a pumped-up real estate trader from Vancouver who neither understands Montreal nor is interested in it.)

Toronto, one must understand, has no collective psyche, no real reason for being other than as a collection plate and siphoning pan for money created elsewhere. Those grim masochists who sit in the CNR grandstand, game after game in great numbers to watch the Argos slog about in waves of newly arrived imports, coaches and general managers mill about, in a way secretly enjoy the humiliation inflicted upon them by invaders from Regina, Edmonton and other unknown districts. The Torontonians, knowing deep in his soul he represents might but aversive and where cultural bias is about as thin as the mountain air, are miserably jealous. He feels the need for a punishment that will be gone by Monday morning. It's an 8-and-M try but without the sores that would be embarrassing at the golf club Jacuzzi.

The Montreal sports fan goes out into the night or otherwise proudly, aware that an extension of his being, his love of life, is going to be deployed on ice or diamond within the next few hours. He dresses for the role. Flashily, and eats and drinks and sings in a collection of self. These are not sorry yodas out there—that in Quebec the Toronto fan is on a mission of expiation, prepared to pour out his guilt in the rest of the nation as if out of a four-gallon maple syrup tin. By the transmission of vibrations, this religious/sexual war ends in sensually ejected into the pants of the poor players, who feel waves of angst waiting down from the grandstands upon them. They ooze. The country rejoices.

Just as it can produce an Expo 67 and an Olympics while such Toronto could only watch and drool because they are expression of the city. Montreal has a personality, as distinct as any city in the world. It likes to display that personality, and anyone who has been to one of those fringing Montreal Expo games in the past few weeks can feel the zip and the flare and pride surge through the civil air in the Big Owl. The stadium, with the hole in the middle (Quebec's unexpressed future?) has the best food and beer offered any sporting crowd within memory, just as the Montreal Person has the best food and atmosphere of any hockey rink in the 1980s.

The Canadians, displaying neo-greory, swift river-skating hockey as she should be played, are the expression of a culture, the kind of a race. They represent more than whatever beer-and-breakfast-food neoconservative now owns them. The Expos, in a strange way, these Yanis playing their game in a fer-



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